Heaven gives us friends to bless the present state
Resumes them to prepare us for the next.

Published by J. Roach, Holborn Street, opposite New Drury Theatre Royal August 20th 1794.

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K

Roach's Beauties of the Poets OF GREAT BRITAIN

Carefully Selected & Arranged

From the Works of

The most Admired Authors

Particularly

Milton,	*Blair,*	*Beattie,*
Pope,	*Gray,*	*Moore,*
Dryden,	*Prior,*	*Chatterton,*
Thomson,	*Shenstone,*	*Buckingham,*
Addison,	*Mallet,*	*Duncombe,*
Goldsmith,	*Cowper,*	*Armstrong,*
Johnson,	*Collins,*	*Percy,*
Young,	*Parnell,*	*Cotton,*

&c. &c.

In Six Volumes

VOL I

LONDON.

Printed by J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office, Woburn Street, New Drury Theatre Royal. 1794.

Each no to be catalogued
separately

No. 7.
ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POET'S.

EVENING REFLECTIONS

written in

WESTMINSTER ABBEY;

NIGHT THOUGHTS

Among the Tombs,

by the Revd. *Mr. Moore,*

The GRAVE, by R. Blair,

& *GRAY'S ELEGY in a Country Church Yard.*

LONDON. Printed for and by J. Roach, Holborn Street, opposite New Drury Theatre Royal August 2d. 1794.
Price Sixpence.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EVENING REFLECTIONS

WRITTEN IN

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The following Reflections, suggested by a contemplative walk among the Monuments in WESTMINSTER ABBEY, as they hold out lessons of moment and importance to men in general, are worthy the remembrance and regard of all.

G. W.

I.

HAIL, sacred Fane! amidst whose stately shrines,
Her constant vigils Melancholy keeps;*
(Whilst on her arm her grief-worn cheek reclines)
And o'er the spoils of human grandeur weep.

* The long drawn aisles and pensive vaults of this venerable pile of Gothic magnificence, diffuse over the mind a pleasing melancholy; while the eye is on every side attracted by the storied urn and animated bust, which commemorate the virtues of the monarch, the abilities of the statesman, or the achievements of the hero.

II.

Hail, ancient edifice! thine aisle along,
In contemplation wrapt, now let me stray;
And stealing from the idly-busy throng,
Devoutly meditate the moral lay.

III.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast
Whene'er my steps these gloomy mansions trace,
Where, in their sumptuous tombs, in silence rest,
The honour'd ashes of the British race!

IV.

Here terminate ambition's airy schemes,
The syren pleasure here allures no more;
Here grov'ling av'rice drops her golden dreams,
And life's fantastic trifles are all o'er.

V.

No cares nor passions here the bosom rend,
Here wasting pain and earthly troubles cease;
Here hopeless love and cruel hatred end,
And the world's weary trav'ler rests in peace.

VI.

Approach, vain child of fortune, pow'r, and fame!
Here learn a lesson from each speaking bust;
View on each lofty tomb the envied name
Of worldly greatness, levelled in the dust.

How

VII.

How each high pers'nage once, how honour'd, read;
How low, how little now, look down and see;
Hence learn to know thyself; for 'tis decreed,
That thou as little, and as low shalt be.

VIII.

Full many a hapless victim yet unborn,
O death all conq'ring! at thy feet must fall,
Before the dawning of that glorious morn,
When thou shalt yield, and God be all in all.

IX.

Then from the silent grave and op'ning tomb
Shall each reviving tenant lift its head,
And this time honour'd abbey's crouded womb
Resign its treasures of illustrious dead.

X.

E'en now, methinks, by faith's pervading eye
I see his banner in the clouds display'd,
And the world's Saviour, from his throne on high,
Descend in purest robes of light array'd.

XI.

Great day of gladness to the good and just,
When they shall taste the wonders of his love;
And rising joyful from their beds of dust,
Ascend triumphant to the realms above.

XII.

Then shall the finish'd bust, the sculptur'd stone,
And all the labour of the artist's hand
Dissolve; and virtue's solid base alone
Amidst the gen'ral wreck of matter stand.

XIII.

Yea, should creation founder in the storm,
And whelming perish in this awful doom,
Yet shall celestial virtue's angel form
Survive, and flourish in immortal bloom.

XIV.

Then shall the good resolve, the gen'rous deed,
And noble conflict in religion's cause,
Be well rewarded; 'tis by Heav'n decreed—
And surely meet at judgment God's applause.

XV.

O be it then our wisdom to secure
Those glorious crowns that shine for ever bright:
Crowns that adorn the faithful and the pure,
In the blest mansions of eternal light.

TOMBSTONE LECTURES

ADDRESSED TO ALL.

A lecture silent, but of sov'reign use.
YOUNG.

"WHEN I look on the tombs of the *Great*," says Mr. ADDISON, "every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the *Beautiful*, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of Parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with horror and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and de-

bates of mankind; when I read the several dates of those who died but as yesterday, and some *six hundred* years ago, I consider that *great day* when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.

NIGHT

NIGHT THOUGHTS

AMONG THE TOMBS.

BY THE LATE Mr. MOORE,

OF CORNWALL.

However my unsocial hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantry, let every evening in her sable habit toll the bell to serious consideration.

HERVEY.

STRUCK with religious awe and solemn dread,
I view these gloomy mansions of the dead;
Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,
And in mute language teach me to be wise.
Time was these ashes liv'd; a time must be,
When others thus may stand and look at me.*

Here,

* *Well does yonder tombstone say——*
'As I am now, so you must be;
Prepare in time to follow me.'

Here, blended, lie the aged and the young,
The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng:
Death conquers all, and Time's subduing hand,
Nor tombs, nor marble statues can withstand.
Mark yonder ashes, in confusion spread!
Compare earth's living tenants with the dead!
How striking the resemblance, yet how just!
Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust:
Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,
The streams of life in various channels play'd;
Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view,
Was some fair maid's, ye belles! as fair as you.
These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd:
Here glow'd the lips; there white as Parian stone,
The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.
This is life's goal—no farther can we view;
Beyond it, all is wonderful and new.
O say, ye spirits, in a future state,
Why do you hide the secrets of your fate?
Nor tell your endless pains or joys to none,
Is it that men may live by faith alone?
The grave has eloquence, its lectures teach,
In silence louder than divines can preach;
Hear what it says—ye sons of folly! hear;
It speaks to you—lend an attentive ear:
It bids you lay all vanity aside;
An humbling lecture this for human pride.
The clock strikes twelve—how solemn is the sound!
Hark, how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound!

They

They bid us hasten to be wise, and show
How rapid in their course our minutes flow.
Now airy shapes, and hideous spectres dance
Athwart imagination's vivid glance;
The felon now attacks the miser's door,
And ruthless murder prints her steps with gore;
Dull fancy now her dreary path pursues,
'Midst groves of cypress, and unhallow'd yews;
Poetic visions vanish from my brain,
And my pulse throbs as feebly as my strain.
What means this sudden, strange, unusual start,
This solemn something creeping to my heart?
Why fear to read a gracious God's decree?
Why fear to look on that I soon must be?
Can man be thoughtless of his end; or proud
Of charms that claim the coffin and the shroud?
Come, let him read these sculptur'd tombstones o'er,
Here fix his thoughts, and then be vain no more.
Let proud ambition learn this lesson hence,
Howe'er distinguish'd, dignify'd for sense;
Whate'er the honour'd ensigns of renown,
The cap, the hood, the mitre, or the crown,
Death levels all; nor parts our pow'rs can save;
Milton himself must moulder in the grave,
Who sung and prov'd with inspiration strong,
The soul immortal, in immortal song.
Hark! thus death speaks; ingenious sons of men,
Why boast the chisel, pencil, or the pen?
Will Fame, who oft denies her children bread,
Deceive the living, discompose the dead?

No;

No; fame's a breath, it cannot worth supply,
Nor yield you comfort when you come to die:
In my dark realms all opposites agree,
The heirs of wealth, and sons of poverty.

Whose tomb is this? It says, 'tis *Mira's* tomb,
Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom;
Attend, ye fair, ye thoughtless, and ye gay;
For Mira dy'd upon the *nuptial* day!
The grave, cold bridegroom! clasp'd her in his arms,
And kindred worms destroy'd her pleasing charms.

In yonder tomb the old *Alvaro* lies;
(Once he was rich, the word esteem'd him wise)
Schemes unaccomplish'd labour'd in his mind,
And all his thoughts were to *this* world confin'd;
Death came unlook'd for; from his grasping hands,
Down dropp'd his bags, and mortgages of lands!

Beneath that sculptur'd pompous marble stone
Lies youthful *Florio*, aged *twenty-one*:
Cropp'd like a flower he wither'd in his bloom,
Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come.
Ye silken sons, ye Florios of the age!
Who tread in giddy maze, life's flow'ry stage,
Mark here the end of man, in Florio see,
What you and all the sons of mirth must be.

There low in dust the vain *Hortensio* lies,
Whose splendor was beheld with envious eyes;
Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
With a long hist'ry of his noble race:
Still after death his vanity survives,
And on his tomb, all of Hortensio lives!

Around

Around me, as I turn my wand'ring eyes,
Uncumber'd graves in awful prospects rise,
Where stones say only when their owners died,
If young, or aged, and to whom allied;
On others, pompous epitaphs are spread,
In mem'ry of the virtues of the dead:
Vain waste of praise! since flatt'ring or sincere,
The judgment day alone will make appear.
How silent is the little spot of ground!
How melancholy looks each object round!
Here man dissolv'd, in shatter'd ruin lies
So fast asleep—as if no more to rise;
'Tis strange to think, how these dead bones can live,
Leap into form, and with new heat revive!
Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
Know its own place, its former figure take;
But whence these doubts? when the last trumpet sounds
Thro' heav'n's expanse to earth's remotest bounds,
The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,
And view again the long extinguish'd day;
Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust
Th' Almighty's pow'r to raise me from the dust;
On his unfailing promises rely,
And all the horrors of the grave defy;
Death! where's thy sting? Grave! where's thy victory?

THE

THE RICH MAN's DREAM;*

OR,

DEATH LEVELS ALL.

God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not in dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man. JOB xxxiii. 14.

I dream'd that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And as so mean an object shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried:
'Scoundrel! begone, and henceforth touch me not,
More manners learn, and at a distance rot.'
'Scoundrel!' then, with a haughtier tone, cried he,
'Proud lump of earth! I scorn thy words and thee!
Here all are equal, now my case is thine,
That is thy rotting place, and this is mine.'

Pride was not made for Man.

* Night visions may befriend. YOUNG.

THE

GRAVE.

By ROBERT BLAIR.

In the following well known POEM (written by a clergyman of Edinburgh, and first published in the year 1743) many important admonitions are held out, and solemn truths inculcated and enforced.

Most of the characters which mankind sustain in the present state; many of the pursuits of men in general here below, together with the vanity and emptiness of every earthly pleasure and enjoyment, are herein pourtrayed in the most lively and striking colours; well deserving the attention and regard of you, of me, of all. G. W.

The Grave is mine House, JOB xvii. 30.
The House appointed for all living. JOB xxx. 23.

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life: the task be mine,
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! what potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd! Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night!
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together; or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make the night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Chearless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds;
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane; the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the most illustrious dead.
The wind is up; hark how it howls! methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaister'd and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,

The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumber,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
  Quite round the pile or row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd with the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here;
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about:
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd;
Such tales their cheer, at wake, or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.
  Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up;
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels.
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,

That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock*.
The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied;
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead;
Lifeless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lovely grave of the dear man
She drops! whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Still clings more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave! how durst thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweet'ner of life and solder † of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay:
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,

And

---

* This natural and striking picture well deserves general admiration.

† Strengthener, or uniter.

And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. *Oft when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
Upon the slooping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along,
In grateful errors thro' the under wood
Sweet murm'ring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smelt sweeter, and the rose
Affirm'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. O! the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance.
Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Stak'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face:
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,

* Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
YOUNG.

And make ev'n thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From Kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work;
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features and how wan thy hue
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? pliant and pow'rless now;
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;

O cruel

O cruel irony! these come too late,
And only mock whom they are meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar, born to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on
Stately and slow; and properly attended *
By the whole sable trible, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad †.
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy shew: whilst from the casements,
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us
Amidst the gorgeous figures you exhibit,

Why

---

* Solemn and slow it moves unto the tomb,
While weighty sorrows nod on every plume.
WATTS.

† Mournful hypocrisy this truly is.

Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done,
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st *!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd, to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n;
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,

The

---

* Well may it be engraven on the tombs of deceased nobility.

Here lies the Great—false marble! where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins!
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing time; her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them;
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up his charge;
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood:
Th' oppressive, sturdy, mad destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste;
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert;
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighb'ring grounds of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,

Of the same common nature with his lord)
Now tame and humble like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hand with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground,
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind;
The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steal'st so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And give'st it a new pulse unknown before;
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks, I see thee with thy head laid low;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worms in lazy volumes roll'd
Riot unfear'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at the glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion, please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew drops on the bell of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain

Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too, thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden, let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, grasps for breath,
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong built sinewy limbs and well spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
On what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last! See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that bawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still: What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine *? What means the bull,
Unconscious

---

* Thy strength is weakness, and thy boasting vain,
Death o'er the strongest will a vict'ry gain:
All soon or late must by his dart be slain.

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man?
Who knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well invented knife.
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight invigorating tube *;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon very soon thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
Great man of language! whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,

The

* The Telescope.

The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-turn'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribble
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narative, or duller rhymes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.* Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!

* The best physicians cannot save
The mselves or patients from the grave

Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole discreditable shift!
From back and belly too their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd;
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs;
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in!
Aye, now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O! cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come.
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of his clay tenement!
Runs to each avennue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully he looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood! and ev'ry groan

She heaves is big with horror; but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature turns back and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part.
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair,
This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning from the barren womb of nothing
Whence first they sprung: then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd;

And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self murder! name it not: our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states;
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictates,
Self preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, heaven! let not upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of his own lord. Dreadful attempt;
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard of tortures
Must be reserved for such; these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not; this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that keep their destin'd stand,
And wait the appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.

Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick; to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
O! that some courtier's ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death; 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, you shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'iis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord; the cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,

The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! scarce a skull's turn'd up
But well he know its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot hath walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale! when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade,
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first swoll'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,

And carries off his prize. What is the world?
What! but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones;
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Icelander, and the sun-burnt Moor:
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here he abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the ballance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts;
Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.

The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch;
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long demurring maid
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tales;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous and the brave:
The just, the good, the worthless, the prophane,
The dowright clown, and the perfect well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern:
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,

He

He stamp'd thee with his image; and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like to sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their sev'ral parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within; no fell remorse,
Nor anxious casting up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom; summer seas
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing more perfect in its kind.
Bless'd, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things! what sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day, most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when strait he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,

And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish'd odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay;
And drives the loiter forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd:
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try: nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen is success.
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used guest,
Not to return; or if it did, its visits
Like those of angels, short, and far between;
Whilst the black demon, with his hell scamp'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel;
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin,
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee,

Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds;
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields, for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shores it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauties with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so trancendantly malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dead blow is struck.
But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd

My

My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all these ampler desarts death hath spread!
The chaos of mankind. O great man eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not stated yet!
Unheard of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none,
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands at each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full,
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;
As if diseases, massacres and poison,
Famine and war were not thy caterers.
But know, thou must not render up the dead,
And with high interest too! They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution,
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long long sleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.*
Then must thy gates fly open and reveal

The

* 1 Corinthians xv. 52.
1 Thessalonians iv. 16.

The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd: but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge, we know,
Th' Illustrious Deliver of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding left,*
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall.)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that he most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left.† This having done,
He mounted up to heaven: methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the sev'ring clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold.
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in:‡
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,

* Psalms lxviii. 18.
† John xx. 28.
‡ Psalms xxiv. 7. 9.

But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye road
To bliss.* Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That lead to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwrithing bloom,
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So I have seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
Fast by the riv'let's brink a youngster play;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home; and lands us safe

On

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* The sacred scriptures assure us there is but one way to heaven, and that is through faith in Jesus Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life. JOHN xiv. 6

On the long-wish'd for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hope, see how he reaches
After the prize in view! and like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;
Whilst the glad gates of life were wide expanded
To let new glories in; the first fair fruits
Of the fast coming harvest! Then, O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.* O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy. The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half never to sunder more.

Well may it be said, a serious look at things temp ors looks them into nothing.

Nor shall it hope in vain; the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or on the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate;* and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence ye prophane!
Ask not, how this can be? sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.†
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not inattentive to the call, shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd
Singling

* Revelations xx. 13.

† The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised. 1 Cor. xv. 52.

Singling its other half into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new-come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry diff'rent room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death shall ever part them more.*
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night:
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone,
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

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* Thrice happy Christians! who when time is o'er,
Shall meet in realms of bliss to part no more.
1 Cor. xv. 44. 49.

AN

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By Mr. GRAY.

The church-yard abounds with images, which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments, to which every bosom returns an echo. Dr. JOHNSON.

THE curfew* tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stilness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save

* An evening bell appointed by William the Conqueror, to remind people to rake out their fires and put out their lights.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, who wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,*
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let

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*The term *for ever* had better been rendered forgotten, as all must rise again at the judgment day, to be acquitted or condemned by the Son of God, according to their works.

REVELATIONS XX. 12.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevetable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.*

Nor you, ye proud; impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er the tomb no trophies raise;
Where thro' the long drawn isle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But

* All must die, whether high or low; noble or unknown; our pursuits, however commendable and praiseworthy, must end in death.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol;*
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And wastes its sweetness on the desart air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrants of his fields withstood:
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd:
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The

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* Whatever abilities persons may be possessed of, if there are no opportunities of displaying them, will be of little or no service either to the possessors of them, or the community.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.*

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On

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* Contentment in our different stations of life, is the only way to sublunary happiness: for what can distress that man who wants no more than he possesses, whether he has more or less?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted sires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led:
Some kindred spirit should enquire thy fate;

Happy some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That writhes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.*

One

---

*- - - - - - - - - sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
- - - - - - - - - there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging 1 to love. THOMSON.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne.
Approach, and read (for thou canst) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

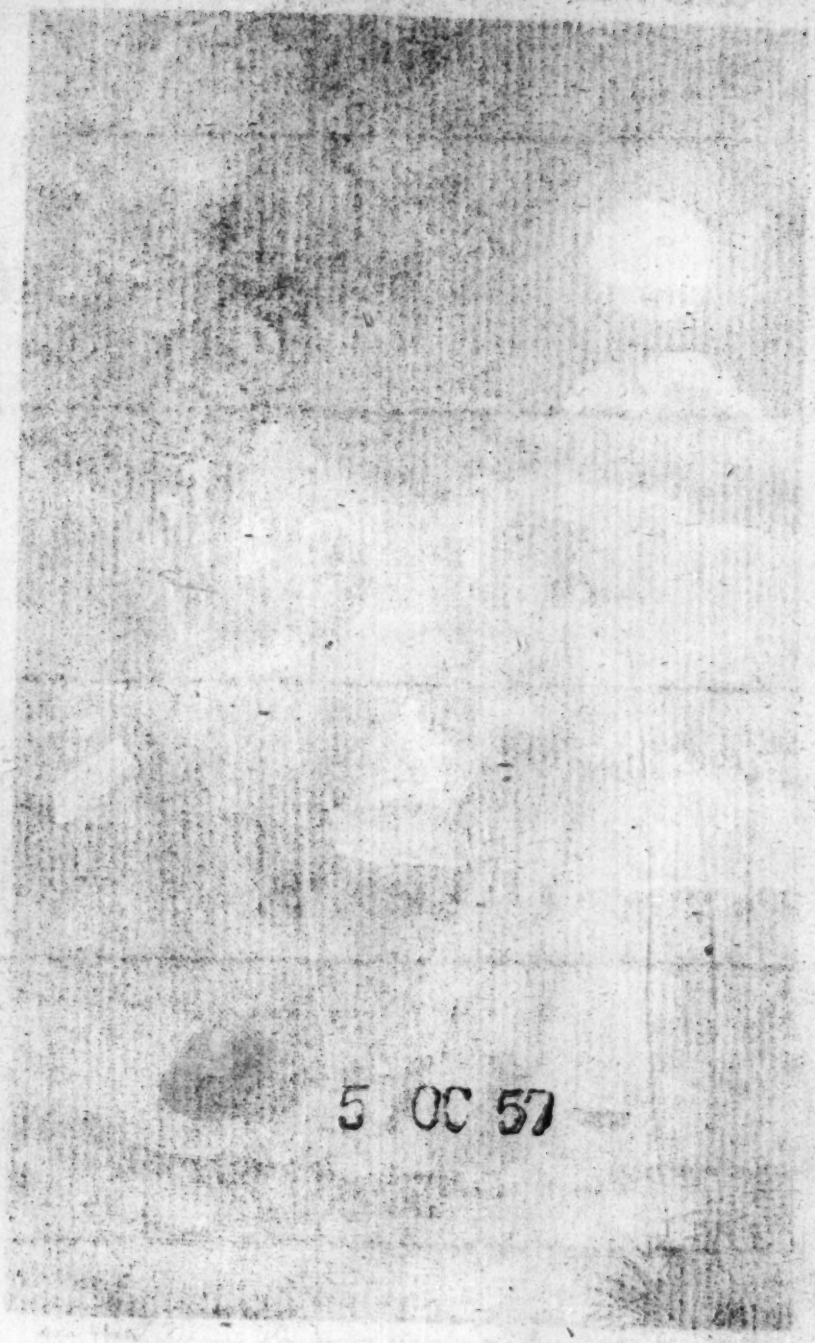
THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune, and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

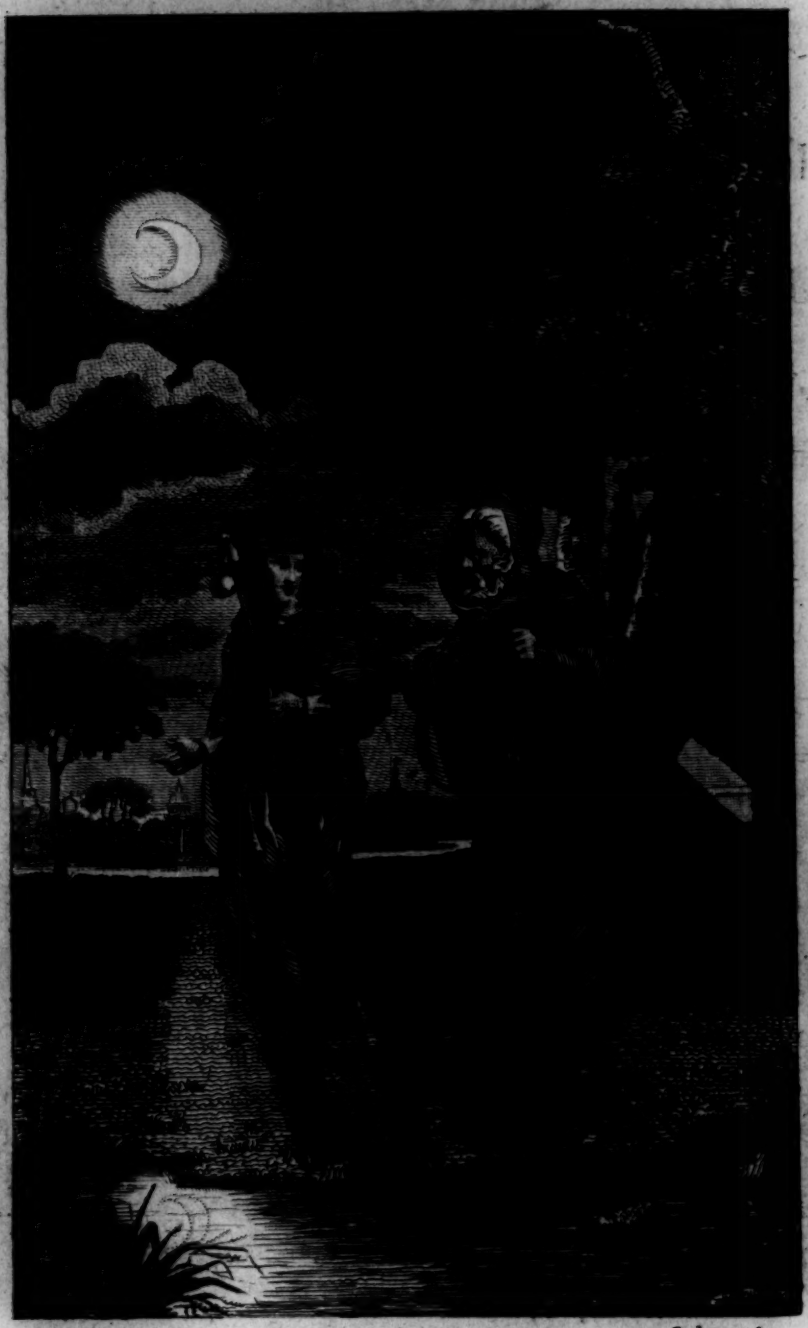
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God.

5 OC 57


5 OC 57

EDWIN and ANGELINA.



Barlow sculp

Forbear my Son the Hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom.
For yonder phantom only flies.
To lure thee to thy doom.

Published as the Act directs by J.Roach *November, 14. 1795.*

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS *N°. II.*

THE TRAVELLER

and

EDWIN and ANGELINA

by Oliver Goldsmith.

The Pleasures & Pursuits of Human Life

by Alex^r. Pope Esq^r.

Evening Contemplations in a College

by M^r. Duncombe.

ODE to EVENING

by D^r. Ogilvie

&c. &c.

I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

LONDON.

Printed for J. Roach Russell Court, Drury Lane 1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PLEASURES AND PURSUITS OF *HUMAN LIFE.*

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

PLEASURE but cheats us with an empty name,
Still seems to vary, yet is still the same;
Amusement's all its utmost skill can boast,
By use it lessens, and in thought is lost.
The youth that riots and the age that hoards,
Folly that sacrifices things to words;
Pride, wit, and beauty in one taste agree,
'Tis sensual, or *'tis mental* luxury.
Sad state of nature, doom'd to fruitless pain,
Something to wish and want, but never gain:
Restless we live, and disappointed die,
Unhappy, tho' we know not *how*, nor *why*.
Reason, perhaps may lend her gen'rous aid;
Reason, which never yet her trust betray'd:
Let her direct us in the doubtful strife,
Let her conduct us thro' the maze of life.
Is Human Reason then from weakness free?
Partakes she not of our infirmity?

Can ſhe apply with never-failing art,
The healing balſam to the wounded part?
Correct thoſe errors which the paſſions cauſe,
And teach the will to follow wiſdom's laws?
Alas! Experience but too plainly ſhows
That man can act againſt the truths he knows:
By cuſtoms led, or by allurements won,
Diſcern that evil, which he cannot ſhun.
Whate'er we do, the motive's much the ſame,
'Tis impulſe governs under Reaſon's name;
Each eagerly ſome fav'rite end purſues,
And diff'rent tempers furniſh diff'rent views.
Is it for fear of wrong, or love of right,
That ſtatesmen labour, or that warriors fight?
T' enrich his country, does the ſailor brave
The cruel pirate, and the threat'ning wave?
In ſearch of truth, unwearied ſages try,
By certain rules, to fix uncertainty?
No! 'tis *Deſire* and *Hope* that drive them on?
Thus greateſt things for meaneſt ends are done.
Self-love, howe'er diſguis'd, miſunderſtood,
Howe'er misplac'd, is ſtill the ſov'reign good:
Virtue and Wiſdom but the vain pretence—
Theſe may direct, but paſſions influence,
What feeble checks are all thoſe ſtudied rules,
Unpractis'd leſſons, of the uſeful Schools?
Say, can thy art, oppos'd to nature's force,
Obſtruct her motions, or ſuſpend her courſe?
Go, change in *Africa* their ſable hue,
Or make our *Europe* bring her negroes too:

Roll

Roll back the tides, forbid the ſtreams to flow,
Nor let the earth returning ſeaſons know.
Slave to thyſelf, whilſt lord of all beſide,
Surmount thy weakneſs, or renounce thy pride.
That moving pow'r which firſt produc'd the whole
To ev'ry thing has fix'd a certain goal:
Thither all tend, and muſt their circles run,
For ſuch the order when the whole begun.
To diff'rent creatures, diff'rent rules aſſign'd;
Man claims the *firſt*, as of a nobler kind:
How juſt that claim, what wiſdom muſt decide?
Reaſon is his alone, by which 'tis try'd:
Inferior creatures ſilently ſubmit—
'Tis *his* to talk, and therefore to have wit.
Thus haughty *Greece* deſpis'd the world around,
And barb'rous, all ſhe underſtood not, found.
Look o'er the wide creation, ſee how all
Its ſeveral parts obey the Maker's call:
The earth how fertile, and how rich the ſea,
In various ſalts, for nature's chymiſtry;
How air digeſts what burning ſuns exhale,
And dews, and ſnows, and rains, by turns, prevail.
Beaſts, birds, and reptiles, ſee them all conſpire,
To act whate'er their ſev'ral ſtates require.
But wiſer Man diſdains this wiſer part,
Nature with him muſt ſtill give way to art;
Vain of conceit, he boaſts his fancy'd ſkill,
And, arbitrary, rules the world at will:
Now fierce and cruel, then as mild and kind,
Each action owing to each turn of mind:

One day a friend, the next as great a foe,
As humour, pique, caprice, or int'reſts go;
Wiſdom and folly thus, by turns, preſide,
And chance alone inclines to either ſide.

Aſk the bold freeman, or the coward ſlave,
What makes one abject, and the other brave?
What gives to fools their faith, to knaves their wiles,
To Cynics ſow'rneſs, and to flatt'ers ſmiles?
This one great truth muſt ſtand by all confeſt,
Some ruling paſſion lurks in ev'ry breaſt;
That weakneſs by a ſpecious name they call,
For 'tis that weakneſs ſtill which governs all.

Wiſely the ſprings of action we conceal;
Thus ſordidneſs is *prudence*, fury, *zeal*;
Ambition makes the public good her care,
And hypocrites the maſk of ſaintſhip wear.

Inur'd to falſhood, we ourſelves deceive—
Oft what we wiſh, we fancy we believe;
We call that judgment which is only will,
And as we act, we learn to argue ill:
Like bigots, who their various creeds defend,
By making reaſon ſtill to ſyſtem bend.

Cuſtom and int'reſt govern all mankind—
Some bias cleaves to the unguarded mind.
Thro' this, as in a falſe or flatt'ring glaſs,
Things ſeem to change their natures as they paſs:
Objects the ſame, in diff'rent lights appear,
And but the colours which we give them wear.
Error and fraud from this great ſource ariſe—
All fools are modiſh, and all knaves are wiſe.

Who does not boaſt ſome merit of his *own*,
Tho' to *himſelf* perhaps 'tis only known?
Each ſuits reward to his own fav'rite vice,
Pride has its crowns, and luſt its paradiſe.
Both prieſt and derviſe in this faith agree,
That Heav'n muſt be all pomp or luxury;
Man, ſlave to ſenſe, no higher bliſs can know,
Still meaſures things above by things below.
Joys much the ſame, but differ in degree,
As time enlarg'd becomes eternity.

How vain is all that ſcience we purſue!
Scorn'd by the many, uſeleſs to the few:
Since ſhort of truth our utmoſt labours end,
Who knows but ign'rance is our greateſt friend?
The fruitleſs pains but ſhew the weakneſs more,
And we, like miſers, 'midſt our wealth are poor;
Much hoarded learning but like lumber lies,
Or ends in gueſs-work and obſcurities.

What thro' proud *Greece* her ſeven *Sages* boaſt?
The names alone remain, the race is loſt.
Satyrs and *Centaurs* too, might live of old,
(For ſo we are in ancient Story told)
But ſhould we doubt in this our faithleſs age:
Who can produce a *Centaur* or a *Sage?*
Such mighty births were nature's firſt eſſays,
The luſty offſpring of her youthful days;
Our later times can no ſuch wonders ſhow,
But what were *Giants* then, are *Pigmies* now!

Of all the painful follies of mankind,
Still to be ſeeking what they ne'er muſt find,

Is ſure the greateſt; not unlike the toil
Of him who labours in a barren ſoil.
Beyond our ſtate if our fond wiſhes tend,
Means muſt be vain where we miſtake the end.
Pride whiſpers mighty projects in the ear,
Bids us be wiſe, be great, and happy here;
But ſad experience ſhews the laws of fate,
And teaches us to know ourſelves too late.
Error is a diſtemper of the mind,
Hard to be cur'd, becauſe 'tis hard to find:
So mixt and blended with our very frame,
It lurks ſecure and borrows reason's name.
In diff'rent perſons diff'rent ways it ſprings,
'Tis factiouſneſs in ſubjects, pride in kings;
Boundleſs alike they in extremes agree,
Theſe in oppreſſion, thoſe in anarchy;
Both aim at what 'twere ruin to obtain,
A civil phrenzy, or a tyrant reign.
The wiſe muſt into nature's ſecrets pry,
The weak believe they know not what nor why:
And we may equally deluded call,
Who doubt of *nothing* as who doubt of *all*.
Profane or pious, bigotry's the ſame,
The motive's terror, avarice, or fame.
Opinion is but int'reſt in diſguiſe,
And right and wrong in ſtrength of parties lies,
Some would be happy, know not want nor care,
Others ſtill find more evils than there are;
Whilſt truth unheeded in the midway lies,
And all extremes are like abſurdities.

Wrong

Wrong turns of head are nature's greateſt curſe,
Improving every day from bad to worſe,
In ſome odd light all objects ſtill they view,
Thus true with them is falſe, and falſe is true.
In trifles ſolemn, diligent and wiſe,
Important things as trifles they deſpiſe;
Careſſing enemies, their friends they ſhun,
And doat on knaves, by whom they are undone.
Deaf to advice, or taking wrong for right,
They boldly blunder on in Reaſon's ſpite;
And under clearer light's obſcure pretence
Are the Antipodes of common ſenſe.
Would you perſuade a wretch intent on pelf,
Tho' he ſtarves others, not to ſtarve himſelf;
To fence, at leaſt, his ſapleſs trunk from cold,
Nor ſeem as fond of tatters as of gold;
No! he's too cunning for your fly deſign,
You'd have him like yourſelf, be poor and fine;
But he, in ſpite of envy, richer grows,
And ſcorns the luxury of meat and cloaths.
Aſk the ambitious why he waſtes his life
In needleſs ſtruggles and uncertain ſtrife?
Why not in peace enjoy what plenty gives!
So the obſcure, the weak, the lazy lives:
Exalted ſpirits have a nobler aim,
And know no happineſs but toil and fame.
Well muſt it ſuit a ſelfiſh hollow heart,
To act the honeſt patriot's generous part;
No tool of party, nor no ſlave of ſtate,
No mean dependant on the guilty great;

Boldly he pleads for liberty and laws,
Content to periſh in his country's cauſe:
When lo! a ray divine of favour gleams,
Quite diff'rent topics then become his themes;
Old friends, old notions are at once forgot,
And ſhame and wages are the hireling's lot.
The little mind whoſe joy in miſchief lies,
Hates all mankind, but moſt the good and wiſe;
Proud of his ſhame, he boaſts his ſpiteful ſkill,
And places all his worth in doing ill.
But baſe-born fear oft checks what rage deviſ'd,
And leaves him disappointed and despis'd.
Endleſs the taſk to point out various ways,
How each wrong-head its diff'rent giſts diſplays;
How poverty in boaſts its wants would hide,
And meanneſs ſhews itſelf in aukward pride;
How knaves are cunning at their own expence,
And coxcombs fancy forwardneſs is ſenſe.
Vain is th' attempt to be what heav'n denies,
As vain the art that weakneſs to diſguiſe;
Prudence alone can teach the uſeful ſkill,
T'improve the good and to coreſt the ill.
True wiſdom lies in practice more that rules,
For what are maxims when apply'd to fools?
Of wit and folly reaſon all you can,
Who acts moſt wiſely is the wiſeſt man.
Each ſtate of life has its peculiar view,
Alike in each, there is a falſe and true;
This point to fix is reaſon's uſe and end,
On this ſucceſs all others muſt depend;

But

But in this point no error can be ſmall,
To deviate e'er ſo little, ruins all.
The mark once miſs'd, however near you aim,
Miſ'd by an inch or furlong, 'tis the ſame:
Who ſets out wrong is more than half undone—
Error has many ways, and truth but one.

Wrong eſtimates, wrong conduct muſt produce,
They loſe the bleſſing that miſtake its uſe:
Who value wealth or pow'r but more or leſs
As *that* can riot, or as *this* oppreſs;
What ſay they elſe but that they both are given
To execute the wrath of angry heav'n?

Fools ever vain, at ſome diſtinction aim,
And fancy madneſs is the way to fame;
No matter how the deathleſs name's acquir'd,
By countries ravag'd, or a * temple fir'd:
Alike tranſmitted down to lateſt times,
A *Trojan's* virtues, and a *Nero's* crimes.
Means are indiff'rent to the ends obtain'd,
Richard † was guilty, but what then? he reign'd.
Would you be good and great? the hope is vain,
The bus'neſs is not to deſerve but gain:
Fortune is fickle, and but ſhort her ſtay,
He comes too late that takes the fartheſt way.

It

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* Eroſtratus, a very obſcure man, ſet fire to the Temple of Diana, at Epheſus, in order to immortalize his name: and ſucceeded in it, in ſpite of all endeavours to the contrary.

† Richard the Uſurper.

Is this, Oh Grandeur! then thy envy'd ſtate?
To raiſe men's wonder, and provoke their hate?
By crimes procur'd, and then in fear enjoy'd,
By mobs applauded, and by mobs deſtroy'd.
Say, mighty Cunning, which deſerves the prize,
The courtier's promiſes or trader's lies?
Some ſhort-liv'd profit, all the pains rewards
Of bankrupt dealers, and of perjur'd lords.
Honeſt alike, you own, but wiſer far,
The knave upon the bench than at the bar:
Where lies the diff'rence? only in degree,
And higher rank is greater infamy.
Poor rogues in chains but dangle to the wind,
Whilſt rich ones live the terror of mankind.
Pomp, pow'r, and riches, all mere trifles are,
When purchas'd by the loſs of character:
Chance may the wiſe betray, the brave defeat,
But they correct, or are above their fate.
Credit once loſt can never be retriev'd?
How few will truſt the man who once deceiv'd?
Craft, like the mole, works only under ground,
Is loſt in daylight, and deſtroy'd when found.
Notions miſtaken, reas'nings ill apply'd,
And ſophiſms that conclude on either ſide;
Alike th' unwary, and the weak miſlead,
Who judge of man and things as they ſucceed.
Did * rivals fall by *Borgia's* vile deceit,
A † *Machiavel* will call a *Borgia* great;

The

* The Vitelli and Orſini, who were baſely betrayed and murdered by order of the Duke of Valentinois.

† Il Princip. cap. vii.

The lucky cheat proclaims the villain wiſe,
And fraud and murder are but policies.
The ſame deſpair that made good *Cato* die,
To *Cæſar* gave his laſt great victory.
Had right decided, and not fate, the cauſe,
Rome had preſerv'd her *Cato*, and her laws.
Fortune sets off the bad, as tawdry dreſs
Shews but the more the wearer's homelineſs;
So mad *Caligula's* * vain triumph tells,
That all his conqueſts are but cockle ſhells.

True merit ſhines in native ſplendor bright,
Whilſt falſe but glares awhile, and hurts the ſight:
As midnight vapours caſt a glimm'ring blaze,
And to the darkneſs owe their feeble rays.
The wiſe † *Egyptians* when their monarch dy'd,
By Truth's ſure ſtandard all his actions try'd.
When no falſe luſtre, wealth, or pow'r appears
To bias judgment by its hopes and fears;
Then conqu'ring chiefs, profuſe of ſubjects blood,
And lazy dotards, indolently good,
That truſt their people to a fav'rite's care,
Whoſe peaceful rapines coſt them more than war:

By

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* Caligula drew up his army in battle array on the ſea coaſt, and then ordered them to gather ſhells, for which great exploit he returned to Rome in triumph. *See Suetonius.*

† See *Diodorus Siculus* in the Firſt Book.

By injur'd thouſands, wrongs are doom'd to be
Perpetual marks of ſcorn and infamy.
Fortune with fools, and wit with knaves you find,
'Tis ſocial virtue ſhews the noble mind,
Above low wiſdom, cunning's mean pretence,
There is to counterfeiting *Excellence*:
The artful head may act the honeſt part,
But all true honour riſes from the heart.
Which ſerv'd his country beſt, let Story ſhow,
A guilty *Claudius*, or good *Cicero*?
Faults are in all; but here the diff'rence lies,
Claudius had vices, *Tully* vanities.
Who loves mankind by his own duty taught,
Will never think their good too dearly bought.
What tho' he ſacrifice the vain deſire
Of ſome gay bubbles, which the world admire?
Deſpiſing riches, and abhorring pow'r,
When blasted with the name of plunderer.
Still he may taſte life's greateſt good, Content,
For who ſo happy as the innocent?
*Jugurtha** murder'd, brib'd, and fought his way
From ſubject ſtation to imperial ſway;
But inſecure 'midſt all his guilty ſtate,
The man was wretched, tho' the monarch great;
Like *Cromwell* daring in the doubtful fight,
But pale and trembling in the dead of night.

Paſſion

---

* King of Numidia, famous for his wars with the Romans; remarkable for his bravery and his crimes.

Passion is lawless, headstrong youth is mad,
But nature varies not in good nor bad.
From the same causes same effects must flow,
Truth is but what it was an age ago;
Modes may be chang'd, but truths are stubborn things,
They court no fav'rites nor will flatter kings.
Rome had her *Cæsars*, and our *Cromwells* * we,
Alike in fortune, pow'r and infamy;
And should new *Cæsars* and new *Cromwells* rise,
They could but act the same dull tragedies:
Foes to mankind, themselves, and virtue's rules,
Whilst living, heroes, and when dead, but fools.
Fools, not to know the glory they pursue,
To honest bravery alone, is due:
Not he who stretches his unjust command,
And rudely triumphs o'er his native land;
But he whose valour saves a sinking state,
In future annals shall be call'd the Great.
View well this world, and own the dear bought truth,
That happiness is but the dream of youth:
State of perfection, not for man design'd,
Howe'er the fond idea fills his mind;

* *Clarendon Hist Rebell.* Of Cromwell he says, he was not easy of access, nor so much as seen abroad: and seemed to be in some disorder when his eyes found any stranger in the room, &c. He rarely lodged two nights in one chamber.

Itself an evil, whilst to good it tends,
But in a round of disappointment ends.
Man's state in life's uncertain, mixt at best;
Conduct some little does, but fate the rest:
Fantastic fate! to merit ever blind,
Whilst lavish to the worst of all mankind.
Judge then by *outward* things, you're sure to err;
And inward lie remote, few look so far.
Appearances still guide, and still deceive,
For giddy crowds must wonder and believe.
Who sees gay *Codrus* loll in gilt machine,
Grand his attendance, and self-pleas'd his mien;
Can he imagine all these trappings hide,
A wretch made up of folly, guilt and pride?
Greedy to get, as he's profuse to spend,
Stiff, when attended, servile to attend;
Good but by accident, by habit bad,
In reason specious, and in acting mad.
Princes we blame for benefits misplac'd;
Some ill man rais'd, perhaps some good disgrac'd:
Cruel their lot! whom numbers join to blind,
How hard, 'midst labyrinths, the way to find!
For fortune's sons we see, without surprize,
Thrive by mismanagement, by blunders rise;
Events, like atoms, jumbling in a dance,
Create these wonders like a world by chance.
Search Time's records, compare the old and new,
Set distant ages in one point of view;
Still the same prospects, under diff'rent dates,
All dark decrees of ever-ruling fates:

Madness

Madness succeeds, where cautious wisdom fails,
And story's self more strange than Fairy's tales:
Reason but seeks the hidden clue in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in th' entangled scene.
Where the wonder, if succeeding times
Still vary only in the kinds of crimes?
Ages of iron, silver, gold or lead,
What are they but the emblems of the dead?
The same low ends, by diff'rent means obtain'd,
As fury, avarice, or folly reign'd.
In vain great moralists, with specious skill,
Nicely distinguish actions, good and ill,
The world is led by much more easy rules,
Success determines who are wise or fools.
Causes lie hid, but their effects appear,
Few men can judge, but all can *see* and *hear*.
Each age must truckle to the reigning modes,
And worship devils, when they've made them gods;
Call Rapine industry, Distraction sense,
And stupid squandering, magnificence:
No folly, crime, or whim too wild to be
Admir'd, when drest in fashion's livery.
See the same notions variously receiv'd,
Legends, impostures, every thing believ'd;
See priests and tyrants full obedience find,
And sacred gibberish enslave mankind.
View next, with wonder, an extreme as odd,
Who knelt to carv'd-work, now denies a God.

Wretches from chains and bondage just set free,
Presumptuous! know no bounds of liberty.
Wicked or pious, in a frantic way,
Mad, they blaspheme; or superstitious, pray.
By change we live and act, now right, now wrong,
Both in excess, and therefore neither long:
Virtues too rigid, soften by degrees,
Refine themselves at first to policies;
When once declining, swiftly downwards tend,
And then in guilt and prostitutions end.
Follies, tho' opposite, yet still combine,
And jointly carry on heav'ns great design.
Changes of manners, change of empire cause,
States sink by licence as they rose by laws,
Thus having things their stated circles run,
Who flourish one age, are the next undone.
Virtue alone, unchangeable and wise,
Secure, above the reach of fortune lies;
Tho' doom'd to meanness, poverty or scorn,
Whilst fools and tyrants are to empire born,
Blest in an humble, but a peaceful state,
She feels no envy, and she fears no hate;
With stoic calmless views life's empty round,
Where good is sparing sown, but ills abound.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way,
'To where yon taper cheers the vale
'With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
'With fainting steps and slow;
'Where wilds immeasurably spread,
'Seem lengthning as I go.

'Forbear my son,' the Hermit cries,
'To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
'For yonder phantom only flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want
'My door is open still;
'For tho' my portion is but scant,
'I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night and freely share
'Whate'er my cell bestows;
'My rushy couch and frugal fare,
'My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free
'To slaughter I condemn:
'Taught by that Power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's grassy side
'A guiltless feast I bring;
'A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
'And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong;
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd:
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe:
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitation spurn'd,
'Reluctant dost thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

Alas!

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
'Are trifling, and decay;
'And those who prize the paltry things
'More trifling, still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
'A charm that lulls to sleep;
'A shade that follows wealth or fame,
'And leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
'The modern fair one's jest;
'On earth unseen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
'And spurn the sex!' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright and transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarm,
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' she cry'd,
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where Heaven and you reside!

'But let a maid thy pity share,
'Whom love has taught to stray,
'Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine:
'He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms
'Unnumber'd suitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt or *feign'd* a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richest proffers strove:
'Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of *love*.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
'No wealth or power had he;
'Wisdom and worth were all he had,
'But these were *all* to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
'The dews of Heaven refin'd,
'Cold not of purity display
'To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
'With charms inconstant shine:
'Their charms where his; but, woe to me,
'Their constancy was mine.

'For still I try'd each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain;
'And while his passion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain:

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
'He left me to my pride,
'And sought a solitude forlorn,
'In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
'And well my life shall pay;
'I'll seek the solitude he sought,
'And stretch me where he lay!

'And there forlorn, despairing hid,
'I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
'And so for him will I!'

Forbid

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear:
'My charmer, turn to see
'Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
'Restor'd to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And every care resign,
'And shall we never, *never* part,
'My life—my all that's mine!

'No, never from this hour to part;
'We'll live and love so true;
'The sigh that rends thy constant heart
'Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

THE

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

This Poem has been no less universally, than deservedly admired, for the natural pictures it holds out, of life and manners in the present day, and the useful lessons of instruction it conveys.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:

Blest'd

Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man:
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale:
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to *real* happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happy spot his own;
Exalts the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down;
From art more various are the blessings sent
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rit happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them thro' the prospect as it lies?

Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever bloom in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To win now fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew,

All

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on *other* shores, display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each noble aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul:
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those dooms, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay.

There in the ruin heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May:
No zephyrs fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm;
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angel trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep:
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed:
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard
Displays her cleanly platter on the board,
And haply to some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion in his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance his bliss, his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clogs close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due:
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy:
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

There level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year.
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone that coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the matters run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fast blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentle morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please:
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyrs flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and mock'd the dancer's skill!
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!

Alike

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in jestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly-busy rolls the world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lifts the tall rampir's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arm amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow'd tufted bank, the gliding sail;
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impells the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts,
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts.
But view them closer: craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;

And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heaven! how unlike their Belgic sires of old,
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring.
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melt on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring time irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd free from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms which dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keep man from man, and breaks the social tie;

The

The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.
Not this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
The time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame;
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom! taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun:
Still do thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;

For

For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think, must govern those that toil:
And all that Freedom's highest aim can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each,
Hence should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it Freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power:
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumph but destruction haste,
Like waxen tapers, bright'ning as they waste,

Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train;
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall?
Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train!
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound.

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
Thro' trangl'd forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with men divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim:
There, where above the giddy tempest flies
And all around distressful yells arise;
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;
Casts a long look where England's g'ories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows:
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain;
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find,
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy:
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Dam'en's bed of steel;
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

ON SOLITUDE.

By Dr. YOUNG.

O Sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom that celestial maid;
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are inno cence and peace:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next.
Their too the muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

EVENING CONTEMPLATIONS IN A COLLEGE;

An Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
With jarring sound the porter turns the key:
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
And slowly, sternly, quits it though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the pallid moon,
And through the cloisters peace and silence reign:
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save, that in yonder cobweb mantled room,
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom,
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmering shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife,
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight:
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

Oh! let not temp'rance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners last:
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast.

The splendid fortune, and the beauteous face,
(Themselves confess'd it and their sires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaiety display,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide echoing vault
Melodious Frasi* trills her quivering lay.

* A late celebrated Italian singer.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band?
Does 'broider'd coat agree with sable gown?
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand?
Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in these time tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darling of the fair,
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Controul the manager, and awe the play'r.

But Science now as fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils, and truth's exalted views,
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose;
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause;
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia and Religion's laws,
And steer, with steady course the helm of state.

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confine,
Forbids in Freedom's veil t' insult the throne,
Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind,
With—'Pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews,'
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenour of their way.

E'en now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inslos'd by doors of glass in Doric stile,
On polish'd pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the author's names, though richly bound,
Mispelt by blundering binder's want of care,
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look?

Report

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels, Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Do'st in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian should enquire thy fate;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, 'Each morn unchill'd by frosts he ran,
'With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
'To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;

'There, in the arms of that lethargic chair
'Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
'At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair.
'And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

'Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,
'Or mirthful converse, would he loitering stand;
'Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
'Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

'One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
'Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green;
'Another came: nor yet within the chair,
'Nor yet at bowls, or chapel was he seen.

The

'The next we heard that in a neighb'ring shire,
'That day to church he led a blushing bride;
'A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear,
'Improv'd her beauty while the knot was ty'd.

'Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
'He roves enraptur'd through the fields of Kent:
'Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
'Read here the letter which he lately sent.'

THE LETTER.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my daily gratitude engage:
A WIFE—the joy and transport of my youth,
A SON—the comfort of declining age.

Seek not to draw me from this calm retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with plain domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

AN

AN

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

by Mr. COWPER

OH Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and moon,
And hurrying him impatient of his stay
Down to the rosy west. But kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering as short notice in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown the king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirements, and the hours

Of

Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
Now powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and springs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,

Perhaps

Perhaps by moonlight at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's dome a kind shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a grave tone
Exciting of our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh, evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings! I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

RURAL.

RURAL AMUSEMENTS;

OR, THE

PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

WITH splendid charms Sol's eastern rays unfold,
And tinge the mountains with a fluid gold.
To life he wakes the dew-bright earth around,
And spreads his lustre o'er the spangled ground.
With light resplendent o'er the vallies plays;
The landskip smile, and court his cheering rays:
Millions of insects into life arise,
And taste the mildness of the morning skies:
On ev'ry spray the dew-drops twinkle round;
With artless songs the hills and vales resound,
And from the woods the fawns advancing bound.

To thee, all cheering sun! I raise my strain,
Thou bright informer of the starry train,
Thou heav'nly substitute of joys below,
From those soft-beams unnumber'd blessings flow!
It glads me now o'er dew-wet fields to stray,
And with the shepherd hail the infant day;
Who rous'd from leaden sleep's oblivious chains,
Now leaves his cot, and hastens to the plains;
O'er bleating flocks his tender care renews,
And with content his wonted toils pursues.

When scorching beams their ardent influence shed,
He seeks some shade, and on a mossy bed,
Amidst the mingling trees soft shelter lies,
While busy zephyr thro' their foliage sighs;

Or on the verge of some embower'd rill
Sees thro' the grass the pearly drops distil:
In coolness thus the live-long day he spends,
'Till Sol, declining, to the westward bends:
Then o'er the plain his bleating flocks beholds,
And whistling drives them to their wonted folds.
How happy's he! who thus employs his hours:
On plains, in groves, in cool sequester'd bow'rs;
Whose peaceful lives secure from boist'rous seas,
The world's vexations, and from slothful ease,
Around him silence lulls to peace his soul,
While chearful hopes each rising fear controul:
Exempt from cares which scepter'd honours bring,
He scorns to soar on proud ambition's wing;
Content with little, little he enjoys,
With such true relish, as no guilt annoys.
One face of pleasure crowns his happy state,
Which still is made by nature's bounty great.
Him simple truth and innocence attend,
And balmy ease and blooming health befriend;
In ev'ry shape he shifting Nature views,
And her with pleasure thro' each scene pursues.
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the Spring,
Him bliss alternate, and fresh pleasures bring,
His life's one round of undisturb'd repose;
The choicest blessing Heav'n on man bestows.
Hear me, ye Muses, with whose charms I'm fir'd,
And with whose influence I am oft inspir'd,

Give

Give me, O! give me, such a sylvan life,
Devoid of care, of trouble, and of strife:
Little possessing in a quiet state,
I'd laugh at empires, and be *truly* great.
But stop, my Muse—Resume the summer lay,
And sing the labours of the fragrant hay.
Behold the rustic crew, with prongs and rakes,
Amidst the heat the russet hay-cock makes.
The old, the young, the maiden, and the swain,
Together join, and toil upon the plain.
With blended voice of joy, they wake the gale,
While honest glee resounds from vale to vale.
See too, amidst the heat, a simple scene!
From whence this noise? What can this tumult mean?
Lo! in the brooks the shepherds plunge the flocks,
Whose ceaseless bleating wake the echoing rocks.
Their snowy fleece they lose with patient fears,
And bow submissive to the sounding shears.
At length, clean shorn, they are releas'd again,
And once more taste the verdure of the plain,
While summer's glories scenes of bliss dispense,
With in-felt joy, it glades my ev'ry sense,
To see the fields with waving harvest smile,
And swelling beauties of the fruitful soil,
Replete with riches for the farmer's toil.
Now, let the painting Muse strive to intrude
Where Nature dwells in awful solitude;
When the bright sun, in noon-tide heat array'd,
I'd breathe the coolness of some verdant shade.

The blest retreat, where contemplation lives,
And sober peace and gentle quiet gives.
Where the sweet chaunters of the feather'd choir,
From sultry faintness to the shades retire;
And big with sorrow, where the turtle dove,
In mournful dirges, mourns her lifeless love.
There, on the verge of some soft-sounding stream,
My Muse retir'd, would chuse her fav'rite theme,
And paint Aurora's charms, the sylvan glades,
And all the beauties of the ev'ning shades.
The wood-crown'd hill, and gentle purling flood,
The mazy valley, and the lofty wood,
The limpid springs, and ever-verdant bow'rs,
And balmy fragrance of the closing flow'rs.
When sinking Sol, with downward orb descends,
And rising night her gloomy vale extends;
When gentle murmurs whisper in the breeze,
And softly kiss the sleeping flow'rs and trees;
To some fair spot, the Muses happy seat,
In thought engag'd, I gladly would retreat;
Of bounteous Nature take a full survey,
And to th' Almighty consecrate my lay.
And while the nightingales their notes prolong,
To Nature's God I'd dedicate my song,
To whose all-bounteous hand all joys we owe,
And ev'ry earthly comfort here below.

ODE

ODE to EVENING.

By Dr. OGILVIE.

MEEK Pow'r, whose balmy-pinion'd gale
Steals o'er the flow'r-enamell'd dale!
Whose voice in gentle whispers near
Oft sighs to Quiet's list'ning ear;
As on her downy couch at rest,
By Thought's inspiring visions blest,
She sits, with white-rob'd Silence nigh,
And musing heaves her serious eye,
To mark the slow sun's glimm'ring ray,
To catch the last pale gleam of day;
Or sunk in sweet repose, unknown,
Lies in the wild hill's van alone;
And sees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heaven-illumin'd bow.

Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy tresses bath'd in balmy dew,
With step smooth sliding o'er the green,
The graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy vesture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;
And bring the harp, whose solemn string
Dies to the wild wind's murm'ring wing;
And the Nymph, whose eye serene
Marks the calm, breathing woodland scene;

Thought, mountain sage! who loves to climb,
And haunts the dark rock's summit dim;
Let Fancy falcon-wing'd be near:
And through the cloud envelop'd sphere,
Where musing roams Retirement hoar,
Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar,
Oh bid with trembling light to glow
The raven-plume that crowns his brow.
Lo, where thy meek eyed train attend!
Queen of the solemn thought, descend!
Oh hide me in romantic bow'rs!
Or lead my step to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where gleaming thro' the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the desart shrieking aile,
Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue;
Or, mid the dun discolour'd gloom,
Sits on some hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws Life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.
Oft shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
Lead o'er the forest's winding maze;
Where, thro' the mantling boughs afar,
Glimmers the silver-streaming star;
And, shower'd from ev'ry rustling glade,
The loose light floats along the shade:

So

So hov'ring o'er the human scene
Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene:
By Fancy bear'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
Floats all the busy bustling mind;
While Memory's unstain'd leaves retain,
No trace from all th' ideal train.

But see the landskip op'ning fair
Invites to breathe the purer air!
Oh, when the cowslip-scented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Loose Ease reclines her downy head:
How blest! by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in wild ecstatic dream;
Die to the pictur'd wish, or hear
(Breathe soft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays by angel harps refin'd,
As half unchain the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.

Lo! where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn;
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour:
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the scene below:

Where

Where feebly glancing thro' the gloom
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb:
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow sailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and spires, and forests, bare,
Shoot glimm'ring thro' the misty air;
Dim as the vision pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the sun's expiring hour,
When rapt in ecstacy, his eye
Looks thro' the blue ethereal sky.
All heaven unfolding to his sight!
Gay forms that swim in floods of light!
The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome sublime.
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp display'd—
The bright scene hovers o'er his bed—
He starts—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obscure the lessening rays:
On mem'ry still the scene is wrought,
And lives in fancy's featur'd thought.
  On the airy mount reclin'd,
What wishes soothe the musing mind!
How soft the velvet lap of spring!
How sweet the zephyr's violet wing!
Goddess of the plaintive song,
That leads the melting heart along;

Oh,

Oh, bid thy voice of genial pow'r
Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r;
And call the sage with tranced sight,
To climb the mountain's steepy height;
To wing the kindling wish, or spread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red;
Come, hoary pow'r, with serious eye,
Whose thought explores yon distant sky;
Now when the busy world is still,
Nor passion tempts the waving will,
When sweeter hopes each pow'r controul,
And quiet whispers to the soul,
Now sweep from life th' illusive train
That dance in Folly's dizzy brain:
Be Reason's simple draught pourtray'd,
Where blends alternate light and shade;
Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring side;
Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
And Frenzy watch the fading moon;
Paint Superstition's starting eye,
And Wit that leers with gesture sly;
Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
And green-ey'd Envy gnaw the heart;
Let Pleasure lie on flow'rs reclin'd,
While Anguish aims her shaft behind.
  Hail, Sire sublime, whose hallow'd cave
Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave;

Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone deserted shore,
Where Orellano's rushing tide
Roars on the rock's projected side.
Hence bursting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
Beams all the father's thoughts refin'd:
Hence oft, in silent vales unseen,
Thy footsteps print the fairy green;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
Sweet warbling breathe, the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft on bending oziers laid
The broad sun trembling thro' the bed;
All wild thy Heav'n-rapt Fancy strays,
Led through the soul-dissolving maze;
Till Slumber, downy-pinion'd, near
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear;
The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks enlarg'd in balmy day.

THE

HAMLET;

Written in Whichwood Forest.

By T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding shades a craggy dell.
Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
While nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.
For then the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts to illume their homeward way:

Their

Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share;
But when the curfeu's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.
Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.
Their humble porch with honeyed flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

5 OC 57

5 OC 57

Thurber, Sculp.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r began:
'Lord! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy will be done:
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And spent a life of piety and grace.

Publish'd as the Act directs, by J. Roach Woburn Street Sep.r 21.st 1795.

The

DESERTED VILLAGE,

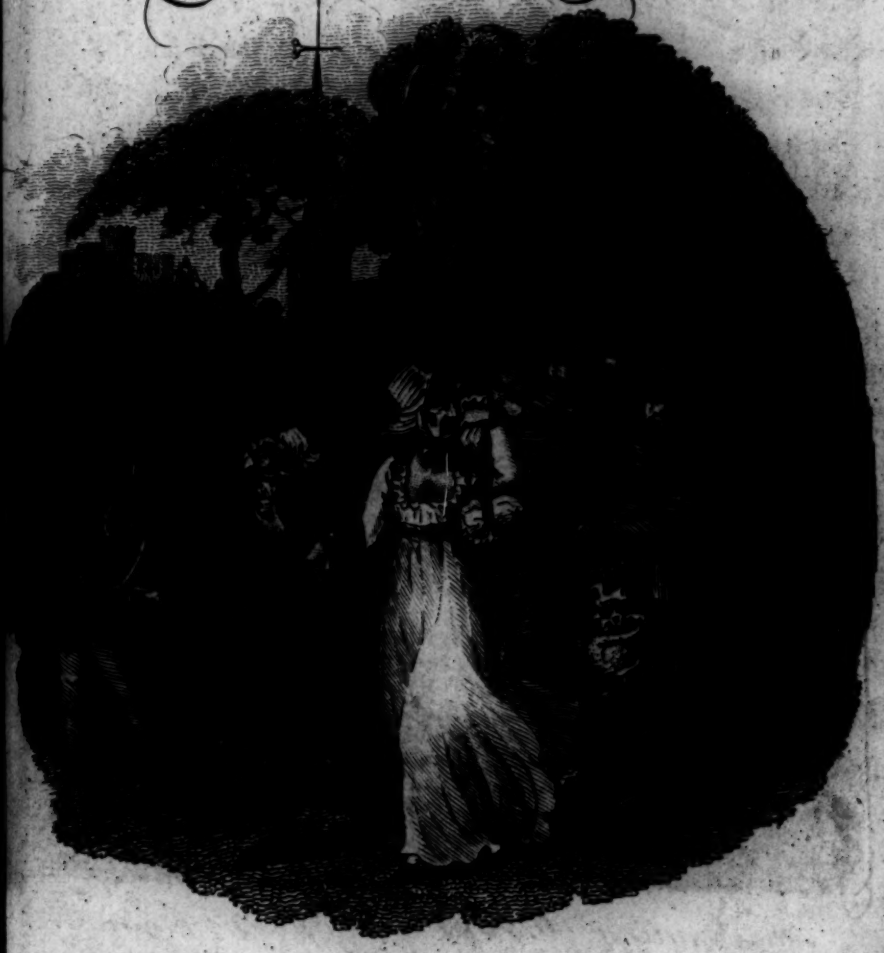
by Oliver Goldsmith.

THE HERMIT,

by D.r Parnell.

An addreſs to MEDITATION written on the Sea Shore by Moonlight,

by M.r Carter, &c. &c.



LONDON.

Printed by & for J. Roach, Woburn Street oppoſite New drury Theatre Royal, 1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In this much-admired POEM, the author paints in the ſtrongeſt colours, the baleful effects of luxury, and overgrown wealth, on ſtates, kingdoms, and individuals:—Heaven prevent Great Britain being ruined by them.

SWEET Auburn! lovelieſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring ſwain
Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and eaſe!
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry ſport could pleaſe;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene;
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm:
The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill;
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſp'ring lovers made.

How often have I bleſt the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree;
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſleights of art and feats of ſtrength went round;
And ſtill as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd.
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtful of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looke reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village! ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught ev'n toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their cheerful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are fled.
Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn!
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy graſſy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a falutary gueſt,
The hollow-ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk all thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'er-tops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance and health.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land, and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain.
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repoſe;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pain that folly pays to pride.

Theſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green:
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, and all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my ſhare——
I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down:
To huſband out life's taper at the cloſe,
And keep the flame from waſting by repoſe;
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill;
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants for the place from whence at firſt ſhe flew,

I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.
O bleſt retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine;
How bleſt is he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpect bright'ning to the laſt!
His heaven commences ere *this* world be paſt!
Sweet was the ſound, when oft, at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There, as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young:
The noſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown footway tread,
But all the gloomy flush of life is fled,
All but yon widow'd ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring:
She, wretched matron! forc'd, in age for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread;
To ſeek her nightly ſhade, and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from town he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place.
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for pow'r,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.

His

His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt:
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the ſkies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood. At his controul
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul:
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At

At church, with neat and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding trembler learn'd to trace
The day's disaster in this morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the busy tidings when he frown'd;

Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too:
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And ev'n the ſtory ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill!
For ev'n tho' vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around,
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and ſmiling toil retir'd,
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendors of that feſtive place;
The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;

Yet

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.
Vain tranſitory ſplendor! could not all
Retrieve the tott'ring manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair,
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his pond'rous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round:
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup, and paſs it to the reſt.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Thoſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train,
To me more dear congenial to my heart
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature had its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,

In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, ev'n while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart miſtruſting aſks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand,
Between a ſplendid and a happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from the ſhore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miſer's wiſh, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around:
Yet count her gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful product ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth:
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure all
In barren ſplendor feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when theſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd,
But verging to decline, its ſplendors riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurprize;
While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks, without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city ſped— What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare:
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;

To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the counter glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way,
The dome where Pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies.
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn;
Now loſt to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, ſweet Auburn, thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they aſk a little bread!
Ah! no. To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altema murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling;
Thoſe pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts of harmleſs love.
Good heaven! what ſorrow gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away:

When

When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewel, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, the firſt prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a *lover's* for her *father's* arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſs'd her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear:
While her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O luxury! thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions, with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloted maſs of rank unwieldy woe;

Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.
E'en now the deva ſtation is begun,
And half the buſ'neſs of deſtruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring veſſel ſpreads the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale;
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs are there;
And piety, with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry! thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly, where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit, in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crouds, my ſolitary pride,
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou ſource of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewel, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide;

Whether

Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth, with thy perſuaſive train,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt:
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

By JAMES THOMSON.

FATHER of life and light! Thou *Good Supreme!*
O teach me what is good. Teach me *thyſelf.*
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!

THE

BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Charity ſhewn to worthy objects is like bread caſt upon the waters, which thou ſhalt find many days.

ECCLESIASTES, ii. 1.

I.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

II.

Theſe tatter'd cloaths my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Hath been the channel to a flood of tears.

III.

Yon houſe erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road:
For plenty there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard

IV.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

V.

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome,
Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold:
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miſerably old.

VI.

Could I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſs'd.

VII.

Heaven ſends misfortunes! why ſhould we repine!
'Tis heaven that brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.

A little

VIII.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died and blighted was my corn.

IX.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age.
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

X.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell ling'ring, fell a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

XI.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief and heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

THE

THE HERMIT.

By PARNELL.

What the Almighty does, men know not; but they ſhall know hereafter.

FAR in a wild unknown topublic view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd his days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe
Seem'd heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe—
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway;
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt.
So, when a ſmooth expanſe receives, impreſs'd,
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees dependant grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow;
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling currents curl on ev'ry ſide,

And

And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun;
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear his doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books or ſwains report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim's ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the riſing ſun a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs,
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching—Father, hail! he cry'd.
And—Hail, my ſon; the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an eged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around——
But here the youth enjoin'd the eager ſire,
(Who into hidden truths did much enquire)
If he'd in ſilence each event behold,
He would to him ſome wond'rous things unfold.

Agreed;

Agreed:—and now the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey:
Nature in silence bids the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd, the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish ofexpensive ease.
The pair arrive, the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length, 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich, luscious wine, a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd his guests to taste:
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;

His

His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe,
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
Now on they paſs: when far upon the road,
The wealthy ſpoil the wily partner ſhow'd.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops, to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire, he walk'd with trembling heart;
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk, to part:
Murm'ring, he lift his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds:
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to coverts ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat;
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the miſer's heavy door they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning, mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.

Here

Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt:
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt.)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcome's in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt fare, with dead ſmall beer,
(Each hardly granted ſerv'd them both for cheer;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place
In every ſetting feature of his face!
When, from his veſt, the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before;
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl,
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul:
Juſt ſunk to earth, the miſer in ſurprize,
Receiv'd the glitt'ring gift with ſtartled eyes;
But ere he could recover from his fright,
The generous gueſts were gone quite out of ſight.

Now the briſk clouds in airy tumults fly,
The ſun emerging opes another ſky:
A freſher green the ſwelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought,
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His part'ner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, but ſeem'd a madneſs here.
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they ſearch and find a manſion nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly lou, nor richly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and (not for praiſe, but virtue) kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet;
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies;
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue 'till the time of bed;

When

When the grave houſhold round the hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, then gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon?
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſail his heart.
Confus'd and ſtruck with horror at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues, the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhew'd the way;
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant went before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide:
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time for ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in:
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild ſparkling rage inflames the Hermit's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and wildly cries,
Deteſted wretch! but ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man;

His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet,
His robes turn'd white, and flow'd about his feet:
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air:
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd like the day,
Wide at his back their dazzling plumes diſplay;
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do:
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettled temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne;
Theſe charms ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky;
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy fellow-ſervant, I.
Then know the truths of government divine,
And let the ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts its attributes on high;

Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.

The great vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good:
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine:
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er moy'd in pity to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his ſoul from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.

To all but thee in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wreck,
Had the falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back?
This very night (by ſecret plots contriv'd)
Of life and wealth his maſter he'd depriv'd;
Had he in this conſpiracy prevail'd,
What funds of charity would then have fail'd?

Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.

Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:
The fiery pomp aſcending, left the view:
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun:
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done;"
Then gadly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And ſpent a life of piety and grace.

THE

PEASANT's LAMENTATION,

ON THE

EXPORTATION OF CORN.

I.

AH me! how bleſt was once a peaſant's life,
No lawleſs paſſion ſwell'd my even breaſt;
Far from the ſtormy waves of civil ſtrife,
Sound were my ſlumbers, and my heart at reſt.

II.

I ne'er from painful pleaſures rov'd:
But taught by nature and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom beſt I lov'd,
With her I ſtaid my heart, with her my bed.

III.

To gild her worth I aſk'd no wealthy power,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
In youth or age, in pain or pleaſure's hour,
The ſame fond huſband, father, brother, friend.

IV.

And ſhe, the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening ſtreak'd the weſtern ſky,
Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
Or thro' the beech-wood caſt an anxious eye.

The

V.

The careful matron heap'd the maple board
With savory herbs, and pick'd the nicer part;
From such plain food as nature could afford,
Ere simple nature was debauch'd by art.

VI.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear,
The little history of their idle day.

VII.

But ah! how chang'd the scene! on the cold stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the cheerful fire,
Pale Famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
Still sighs for food; still pines with vain desire.

VIII.

My faithful wife, with ever-streaming eyes,
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head!
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily dread.

Dear

IX.

Dear tender pledges of my honeſt love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie:
Three tedious days with pinching want he ſtrove,
The fourth I ſaw the helpleſs cherub die.

X.

Nor long ſhall ye remain, with viſage ſour,
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
And arm'd with cruel law's coercive power
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

XI.

Yet never have I paſs'd a ſingle day
In riots, orgies, or in idle eaſe;
Ne'er have I ſacrific'd to ſport and play,
Or wiſh'd a pamper'd appetite to pleaſe.

XII.

Hard was my fare, and conſtant was my toil;
Still with the morning's orient light I roſe,
Fell'd the ſtout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the ſun; in dark December froze.

XIII.

Yon verdant plain where daily ſweats my brow,
A thouſand flocks, a thouſand herds adorn;
Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

XIV.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd ſoil
In Autumn's heat the yellow harveſts riſe,
If artificial want elude my toil,
Untaſted plenty wound my craving eyes?

XV.

What profits, if at diſtance I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant ſmoke aſcend,
If ſtill the griping cormorants withhold
The fruits which rain and genial ſeaſons ſend?

XVI.

In every port the veſſels ride ſecure,
That waft our harveſt to a foreign ſhore;
While we the pangs of preſſing want endure,
The ſons of ſtrangers riot on our ſtore.

AN

ADDRESS TO MEDITATION,

Written on the Sea Shore by Moonlight.

By Mrs. CARTER.

I.

HOW ſweet the calm of this ſequeſter'd ſhore,
Where ebbing waters muſically roll;
And ſolitude, and ſilent eve reſtore
The philoſophic temper of the ſoul.

II.

The ſighing gale, whoſe murmurs lull to reſt
The buſy tumult of declining day,
To ſympathetic quiet ſooths the breaſt,
And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

III.

Farewel the objects of diurnal care,
Your taſk be ended with the ſetting ſun:
Let all be undiſturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave aſcends the peaceful moon.

IV.

What beauteous viſions o'er the ſoften'd heart,
In this ſtill moment all their charms diffuſe,
Serener joys, and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the ſoul with more than mortal views.

Come

V.

Come, ſacred Meditation! with me ſhare
The ſober pleaſures of this ſolemn ſcene,
While no rude tempeſt clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is ſmiling and ſerene.

VI.

Come, while the cool, the ſolitary hours
Each fooliſh care, and giddy wiſh controul,
With all thy ſoft perſuaſion's wonted pow'rs,
Beyond the ſtars tranſport my liſtening ſoul.

VII.

Oft (when on earth detain'd by empty ſhow)
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to riſe;
Taught her to look with ſcorn on things below,
And ſeek her better portion in the ſkies.

THE

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

By Dr. BEATTIE.

Welcome ye ſhades! ye bowery thickets hail.
THOMSON.

SHOOK from the evening's fragrant wings,
When dews impearl the grove,
And round the liſtening valley rings
The languid voice of love;
Laid on a daiſy-ſprinkled green,
Beſide a plaintive ſtream,
A meek-ey'd youth of ſerious mien
Indulg'd this ſolemn theme.

"Ye cliffs in ſavage grandeur pil'd
High o'er the darkening dale!
Ye groves! along whoſe windings wild
Soft ſteals the murmuring gale!
Where oft lone melancholy ſtrays,
By 'wilder'd fancy led,
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Stream through the checquer'd ſhade:

To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms,
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
Scap'd the tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bower
Let me at laſt recline,
Where ſolitude, meek, modeſt power,
Leans on her ivy'd ſhrine.

How ſhall I woo the matchleſs fair?
Thy envy'd ſmile how win;
Thy ſmile, that ſmooths the brow of care,
And ſtills each ſtorm within!
Oh! wilt thou to thy favourite grove,
Thy ardent votary bring,
And bleſs his hours, and bid them move,
Serene on ſilent wing.

There, while to thee glad nature pours
Her gently warbling ſong,
And zephyr from the waſte of flowers
Wafts ſweet perfume along:
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flaſh on thy ſtartl'd eye.

For me no more the path invites,
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb life's panting heights,
By guileful hope miſled:
Leaps my fond flutt'ring heart no more
To joy's enlivening lays;
Soon are the glitt'ring moments o'er:
Soon each gay form decays."

HOPE.

By Dr. YOUNG.

HOPE, of all paſſions moſt befriends us here;
Paſſions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Man's heart at once inſpirits and ſerenes;
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
'Tis all our preſent ſtate can ſafely bear,
Health to the frame; and vigour to the mind:
A joy attemper'd; a chaſtis'd delight.
Like the fair ſummer ev'ning, mild and ſweet;
'Tis man's full cup, his paradiſe below!

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

ABELARD and ELOISA flouriſhed in the twelfth century. They were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeparate convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of ABELARD's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of ELOISA. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat;
Yet, yet I love!—from Abelard it came,
And Eloiſa yet muſt kiſs the name.

Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out my tears!

In

In vain loſt Eloiſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages ought to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd with ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, whene'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a ſad variety of woe;
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the beſt of paſſions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh! write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine,

Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r:
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah! more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-bounteous mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; Heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue*.

From

* He was her preceptor in philoſophy and divinity.

From lips like thoſe what precepts fail to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that, Heav'n, I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſt to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made;
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we prophane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn them all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love:
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee;
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aching in the breaſt;

Ev'n

Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloiſe? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſlay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victim's at yon altars foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewel?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made,
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,

Pant

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſt;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah, no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah! think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſarts led.
You rais'd theſe hollow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd *,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers' giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eye diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day;
But no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)

But

* He founded the monaſtery.

But why ſhould I on others' pray'r depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah! let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter, move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe;
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breaths a brower horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.

Aſſiſt

Aſſiſt me Heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault:
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new:
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee and curſe my innocence.
Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget;
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt the offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate?
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain—do all things but forget?
But let Heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh, come, oh! teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you,
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How

How happy is the blameleſs veſtal's lot?
The world forgotten, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſunſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd:
Labour and reſt that equal periods keep;
Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of ſeraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals ſing;
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ;
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curs'd, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love,
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.

I wake

I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes!
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies:
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain:
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows,
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd Heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; religion diſapproves:
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloiſa loves.

Ah! hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The drear ideas where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſor clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, on the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my heart:
Come, with one glance of thy deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſs'd abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No!

No! fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah! come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oath I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace ſerene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloiſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead,
In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound:
"Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
Once, like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid;
But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes ev'ry fear;
For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bowers,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flowers,
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah! no—in ſacred veſtments mayſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah! then, thy once-lov'd Eloiſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance ecſtatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And grant my love immortal on thy fame!

Then,

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tear each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh! may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene, if ſome relentleſs eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from Heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure, if fate ſome future bard ſhall join,
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who live ſo long, ſo well,
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell:
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

THE

CAPTIVES;

OR THE

BIRD's NEST.

AS along the lone thicket I ſtray'd,
To imbibe the ſweet drops of the dawn,
That ſparkle beneath the green ſhade,
And embalm the ſoft air of the morn;

I ſpy'd on a hillock of moſs,
A younker juſt riſen from reſt,
Who, eſtrang'd from all tender remorſe,
Had ſeiz'd on a chaffinch's neſt.

Scarce fledg'd were the young tender things,
And chirp'd (for they felt the cold air)
And mourn'd for the mother's ſoft wings,
The mother's fond provident care.

Deſcription would die on my tongue,
If I ſtrove to relate the ſad tale:
'Tis too much to repeat in my ſong;
E'en numbers pathetic would fail.

To

To ſee the fond mother behind,
  Depriv'd of her infant young race;
I hop'd to her moan he'd be kind,
  And ſtraight the poor captives replace.

Impatient ſhe flutter'd around,
  Beſpeaking her tender regard:
Unmindful he ſat on the ground,
  Unmov'd the petitioner heard.

Then, riſing, he chid her away,
  As homeward the neſtlings he bore;
But ſhe, ah! unable to ſtay,
  Cloſe follow'd him home to his door.

Now in a ſmall cage they're confin'd,
  And out of the caſement are hung;
Where ſome ſweet relief ſhe may find,
  To feed and to tend on her young.

Ye mothers, of feeling poſſeſs'd,
  Who protect your dear infants with care!
Could you ſuffer them torn from your breaſt,
  And carry'd you could not tell where?

Could you hear the poor innocents cry,
And ſee them borne off from your ſight;
And would you not follow, nay fly,
And ſuffer harſh threats with delight?

Speak—could you endure the hard caſe,
To have the ſweet babes of your heart
Secluded each tender embrace,
And kept from their mother apart?

'Tis unnatural e'en to ſuppoſe,
That mothers ſo baſely were taught,
To abandon their babes to ſuch woes;
Humanity weeps at the thought.

O ſay then, fond mothers! I pray,
Suppoſing the caſe were your own,
That your infants were taken away,
Is not this too acute to be borne——

O ſay then— for you can expreſs)
Say mothers of gentleſt tongue:
Ah! paint the exceeding diſtreſs
Of a bird that's bereft of its young!

And take the advice that I give——
(Prevention's as good as a cure)
Should your ſweet tender innocents live,
Inſtruct them a moral as pure.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

By Dr. YOUNG.

O THOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow;
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day;
And triumph in exiſtence: and couldſt know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing! with the Patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown.
I truſt in Thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs!
All weighs in this—O let me live to Thee!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A THUNDER STORM,

AT MIDNIGHT.

By Mrs. CARTER.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the ſky.

Protected by that hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid Virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lucid glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying ſcene,
By different ways purſued,
The one eternal way to Heaven
Is univerſal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er glowing æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or bluſhes in the roſe.

By

By reaſon taught to ſcorn thoſe fears
That vulgar minds moleſt,
Let no fantaſtic terrors break
My dear Narciſſa's reſt.

Thy life may all the tend'reſt care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round,
Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vaſt expanse
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the riſing ſoul;

Unmov'd may'ſt thou the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad ſerene
Of everlaſting day!

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

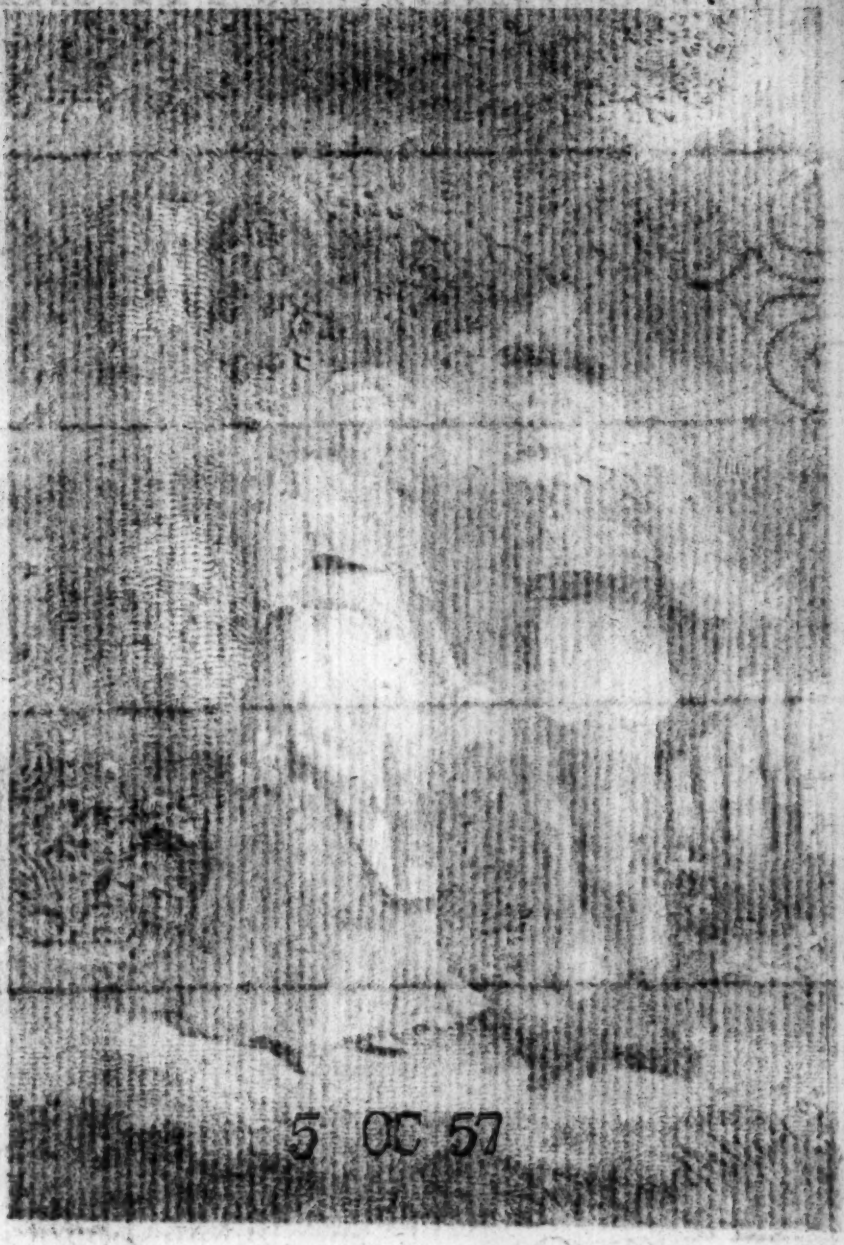
By Mr. GRAY.

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift, and Owen ſtrong;
Faireſt flow'r of Roderic's ſtem,
Gwyneth's ſhields, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours:
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came:
This the force of Eirin hiring;
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way:
There the Norman ſails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntleſs on his native ſands
The dragon-ſon of Mona ſtands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye,
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child:
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
Agony that pants for breath;
Deſpair, and honourable Death,

* * * * * *

5 OC 57


5 OC 57

HENRY and EMMA.

Fate calls aloud and hastens me away:
A shameful death attends my longer stay:
And I this night must fly from thee and love.
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove

Published as the Act directs by J. Roach Russel Court Drury Lane, Aug.t 21.st 1795.

The HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

a Northumberland Ballad.

BY BISHOP PERCY.

HENRY and EMMA.

Upon the model of

The Nut Brown Maid by Mat.w Prior.

Die, traitor, die! A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice
And rush'd beneath his sword!

LONDON.

Printed by and for J. Roach *Russel Court Drury Lane* 1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HER GRACE

ELIZABETH,

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS OF

NORTHUMBERLAND,

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY, &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flow'rets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale;
The Muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scatter'd o'er the dale.

O Lady, may so slight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hand acceptance find?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear:
But all for you the muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble ancestors appear;
She seeks no other praise if you commend,
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE, in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin historians, Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of an Hermitage, of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses; for the former of these, which runs parallel with the chapel, appears to have an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breath and height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in a solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic church or cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the chapel, is a small tomb or monument, on the south-side of the altar; on the top of which lies a female figure, extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying,

on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary, though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches, being usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed, the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small niche, still visible behind the altar; whereas the figure of a bull's head, which is rudely carved at this lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures, which, as well as the principal one above mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this hermitage, tomb, &c. are delivered to the reader in the following rhymes.

It is universally agreed, that the founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same Bertram that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel, which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of

King Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of King Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest which is placed at the lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following Poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family, who lived at a late period.

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* Tanner's Notitia Monast. † See his Remains.

*** FIT was the word used by the old minstrels to signify a part or division of their historical songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of composition. *See Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Vol. II. p.* 166. 97. *2d. Ed.*

THE

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

By BISHOP PERCY.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

"O weep not, lady, weep not so
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm."

" It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

" And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood."

" O! trust in heaven," the Hermit said,
" And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care."

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful steps and slow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below:

" O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

" But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray:
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away."

" Praise heaven, my son," the Hermit said:
" The lady's safe and well:
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear;
The youth he press'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:
The youth was tall with manly bloom,
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle horn so bright:
She in a silken robe and scarf
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

" Sit down, my children," says the Sage;
" Sweet rest your limbs require:"
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth
And mends his little fire.

" Partake," he said, " my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;"
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

" Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,"
The youthful couple say:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

" Now say, my children, (for perchance
My council may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

" First tell me, father," said the youth,
" (Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?

" Alas! my son," the Hermit said,
" Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd quite away?

" Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur, (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

" Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his nothern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

" One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

" In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

" And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours reft and lost.

" No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

" Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

" Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

" Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

" Meantime far off, 'mid Scottish hills
The Percy lives unknown:
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

" O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!—"
He said, and dropt a tear.

" And is the Percy still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then bless me, father," said the youth,
" For I thy guest am he."

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head.

" Welcome, our dear and much lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wond'rous fair?"

" Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

" In Scotland I've been nobly bred,
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

" With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

---

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. *See the Continuation of* Fordun's *Scoti Chronicon, cap.* 18. *cap.* 23. *&c.*

" Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wander'd as in chace,
Till in the noble Neville's house*
I gain'd a hunter's place.

" Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
The baron's daughter fair."

" Now, Percy," said the blushing maid,
" The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

" It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander'd forth to take the air,
Among the green-wood trees.

" Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

" My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

---

* Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two castles of Brancepeth and Raby, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

" With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

" He fought till more assistance came;
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own."

" O happy day!" the youth replied:
" Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

" And when she knew my name and birth,
She vow'd to be my bride;
But, oh! we fear'd (alas! the while)
Her princely mother's pride;

" Sister of haughty Bolingbroke*
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight
Could ne'er such favor show.

" Despairing then to gain consent,
At lenght to fly with me,
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

---

* Joan, Countess of Westmorland, mother of the lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry VI.

" This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood.

" Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower."

Now rest ye both," the Hermit said:
" Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed;
We'll pass the night below."*

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled:
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth consulting with his friend,
Had watch'd the live-long night.

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

What sweet surprise o'erspread her breast!
Her cheek what blushes dy'd,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride!

"Within this lonely hermitage,
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss compleat."

"O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

"For thee I left my father's smiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether well or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share."

"And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banish'd wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

"Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store,
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

" Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee.*

" 'Tis father Bernard, so rever'd
For every worthy deed;
To Raby-castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

" To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon I trust his pious hands,
Will join us both in one."

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the live-long day.

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Tinemouth Abbey.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they view'd,
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony-arch,
Ran winding up the hill;

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
These sacred vaults he shows:
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little 'scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone:
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet,
And near to these her crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wond'ring pair:
Eager they ask, what hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair?

The hermit sigh'd, the hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek:

Alas! my children, human life,
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale,
Which ye so fain would know."

THE HERMIT's TALE.

"YOUNG Lord, thy gransire had a friend,
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains:
Sir Bertram was his name.

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

" Where'er the noble Percy fought
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

" Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew dropt on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

" Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon tower's her dwelling place;*
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

" Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

" Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

" But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

---

* Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth

'That heart,' she said, 'is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.'

"Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

"With wassel mirth, and revelry
The castle rung around;
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

"The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms
Attend in order due.

"The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
'How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.*

'Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With vent'rous Rollo came;
And from his Norman castles won,
Assum'd the Percy name.'†

---

* *See Dugdale's Baronage, p.* 269, *&c.*

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the name of De Percy.

"They sung,"—'How in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipp'd his powers,
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.*

'Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and dy'd;
But first the silver crescent won,
Some paynim Soldan's pride.

"They sung,"—'How Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.†

'How he the Percy name reviv'd,
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country's cause,
With godlike ardor shine.'

---

* William De Percy, (fifth in descent from Galfred, or Geffery De Percy, son of Mainfred,) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma De Porte, (so the Norman writers name her) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principal of honor and generosity married: for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the conqueror. "He," to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle, "wedded her that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience."—*See Harl. MSS.* 269. (26) He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

† Agnes De Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline De Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey, Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother to Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son Lord Richard De Percy, was one of the twenty-six barons chosen to see Magna Charta duly observed.

" With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

" Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall
When, lo! a damsel young and fair
Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

" She Bertram courteously address'd:
And kneeling on her knee;
' Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Has sent this gift to thee.'

" Then forth she drew a glitt'ring helme,
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

' Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

" Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kiss'd the same:
' Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.'

" Lord Percy and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

" The knights assembled on the hill,
A thousand horse and more:
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

" Tweed's limping current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green sloops of Tiviotdale
Their bugle horns resound.

" As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter's cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the Douglas rise.

" Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

" A chosen troop of Scottish youths,
Advance before the rest:
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd:

" Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand."

" Young Bertram bow'd with glad assent,
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

" As when a grove of sapling oaks,
The livid lightning rends,
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

" This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through;
And many a tall and comely knight,
With furious force he slew!

" Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

" The vigour of his single arm,
Had well-nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

" Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain;
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift!
—His blood bedew'd the plain.

" Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
' And now, my noble friends,' he said,
' Let's save this gallant knight.'

" Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing,
To guard her callow young.

" Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

" Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

" Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

" At length the glory of the day,
The Scots reluctant yield,
And after wond'rous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

" All pale extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend,
To Wark's fair castle bore.*

' Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love;
Her father kindly said;
' And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

" A message went, no daughter came;
Fair Issabel ne'er appears;
' Beshrew me,' said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

' Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,
As soon as thou canst ride;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.'

" Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
He bless'd the soothing sound;
Fond hope supply'd the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound."

FIT THE THIRD.

" ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

" A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would 'tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

" All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night,
Ere they drew near the bower,

" Most dread and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

" At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear:
' What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ?'

' 'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy lady fair.'

' Now out, alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past,
Since she set out to thee.'

" Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

' Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee:
And sure if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou would'st her see.

' For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair and cried,
' Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All thro' my foolish pride!

'And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And sooth his bed of pain.

'Then mounted she her milk-white steed,
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeoman went with her,
To guard her on the way.'

"Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
'Trust me,' said he, 'I ne'er will rest,
'Till I thy lady find.'

"That night he spent in sorrow and care,
And with sad boding heart;
Or ere the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

'Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hill to range:
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our dress we'll change.

'Some Scottish earl hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she's restor'd again.'

"The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quient disguise,
And of their dress they change.

‘ Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door

“ Sometimes a minstrel’s garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town;
O’er every dale and hill.

“ One day as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass’d him by,
Who mark’d his face of care.

‘ All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee:
But shou art sad and woe begone!
I marvel whence it be!’

‘ Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stol’n away,
And fain I would her find.

‘ Cheer up, my son; perchance,’ he said,
‘ Some tidings I may hear:
For oft when human hopes have fail’d,
Then heavenly comfort’s near.

‘ Beyond yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th’ abode of men.

'As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

'And when I ask'd what harm had hap'd,
What lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.'

"The tidings canght Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

"Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

'Sir Porter, is thy lord at home,
To hear a minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?'

'My lord,' he said, 'is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.'

"He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such pow'r sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

'Minstrel,' he said, 'thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

'Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff,
Thou'lt find a shelt'ring cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there my lodging have.'

"All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls;
In hopes his love to hear.

"The first night as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tow'r.

"The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

"The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide:
When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hied.

"When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

" And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth,
In Highland garb-y clad.

" Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

" Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly,
But what can 'scape the lover's ken?
Or shun his piercing eye?

" With silent steps he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hand upon his arm,
With fond familiar air.

' Thanks, gentle youth,' she often said ;
My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles have you contriv'd,
For me what dangers run !

' And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay :'——
" Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried—Vile traitor, stay !

' Vile traitor, yield that lady up !'—
And quick his sword he drew,
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

" With mortal hate their vigorous arms,
Gave many a vengeful blow :
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

' Die, traitor, die!'—' A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word ;
Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword."

' O stop,' she cried, ' O stop thy arm !
Thou dost thy brother slay !'—
And here the hermit paus'd and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried—" Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest ?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast."

" Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate !" they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they ;
They sigh'd ; he hung his head.

" O blind and jealous rage," he cried,
" What evils from thee flow ?"
The hermit paus'd ; they silent mourn'd ;
He wept, and they were woe.

" Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd. I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

" In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

" My brother, alas! spoke never more;
His precious life was flown:
She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
Regardless of her own.

' Bertram,' she said, ' be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

' Bertram,' she said, ' I still was true;
Thou only hast my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

' For thee, I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief.

' Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love
I had refus'd with scorn;
He slew my guards and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn;

' Aud in these dreary hated walls,
He kept me close confin'd;
And fondly sued and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

'Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear;
When wand'ring in this northern gar
Thy brother found me here.

'He quickly form'd this brave design,
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait
Tied to a neighb'ring tree.

'Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride.'

"Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

"In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay;
Then sudden all in frantic mood,
I meant myself to slay:

"And rising up in furious haste,
I seiz'd the bloody brand*;
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

---

*i. e. Sword.

" A crowd that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

" It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to sooth my pain.

" And soon those honour'd dear remains
To England were convey'd ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

" For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought ;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

" They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

" No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care ;
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and pray'r.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild ;

" My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely Anchorite,
I came to end my days.

" This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream,
My love was wont to rove.

" My noble friend approv'd my choice:
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint,
I drop the pensive tear.

" And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes thy bosom rue!

" Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy and his noble sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

" Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumb'rous pomp of pow'r,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

" But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his god-like sons,
And friends and followers all.
" But thou the honors of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before."
He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears,
His mournful tale repaid.
And now what present course to take
They ask the good old sire;
And guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.
Meantime their suit such favor found,
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.
She suppliant at her Nephew's throne*,
The royal race implor'd:
To all the honours of his race,
The Percy was restor'd.
The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame:
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. 1414.

HENRY AND EMMA.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say;
Bright Cloe! object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-Brown Maid be old,
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand:
And while my notes to future times proclaim,
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,
Oh! fairest of the sex, be thou my muse;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me love, the just reward of verse.
As Beauty's potent queen with ev'ry grace,
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face,
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame that faithful Henry felt,
O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him be thou to me;

Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove:
But, oh! with pity long entreated, crown
My pains and hopes: and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Thame,
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd,
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

Then dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir:
They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name;
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd,
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd:
Yet as when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft in sport his Nut-Brown Maid:
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please to imitate their lord).
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the land were known,
And Emma and the Nut-Brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her charms increas'd,
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.

Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came, they saw, they marvell'd, and they lov'd.
By public praises and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral pow'r of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combatted, in vain they writ,
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit;
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
In Henry's cause her favor must be shown,
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.
While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame,
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His 'squires, his arms, and equipage, forsakes.
In borrow'd names and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;
In his right-hand his beachen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade where she has bent her way
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
And shews the path her steed may safer take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
And blows her praises in no common sound.
A falc'ner Henry is when Emma hawks;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks:

Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands:
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair,
And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song;
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise:
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsey now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals;
They tell the secret first which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain, the child:
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply,
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts be all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love:

Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear:
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain:
While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
And with the secret kept the love increas'd,
The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds:
Another love may gain her easy youth;
Time changes thought, and flatt'ry conquers truth.
O impotent estate of human life;
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief, for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste,
Or deems it not sincere, nor fears it cannot last.
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman and the force of love:
If scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous form enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r;
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail,
If pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit and her faults prevail.

His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree, and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might encrease.
As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honor shown,
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd;
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note
Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote;
Which told him all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-Brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes and own'd her pow'r,
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd: the house in sleep were laid,
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry, Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing force delay;
For love, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and vallies strays,
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, tho' he poor guide is blind.
The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were night;
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain;
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair: adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph; the man
Broke silence first; the tale alternate ran:
Henry. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded and now blest his sway,
By turns adverse and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasures, his extatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:

To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By fortune favor'd and successful arms;
And only as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace:
For, lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd,
These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

Emma. What is our bliss that changeth with the moon,
And day of life that darkens 'ere tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd.
The god of Love himself inhabits there,
With all its rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
And let my deed at least my faith approve,
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indiff'rence of the Nut Brown Maid;
Nor no hard banishment shall Henry run
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner to thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I of all mankind will love but thee alone.

Henry. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way,
And take good heed what men will think and say;

That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin honor once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed than weep it done:
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame:
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love,
And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

Emma. Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young or the ill-natur'd old;
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And malice vanquish'd heighten virtue's praise.
Let then thy favor but indulge my flight,
O! let my presence make thy travels light,
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I of all mankind have lov'd but thee alone.

Henry. But canst thou wield the sword and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dang'rous day?
Then as thy strength decays thy limbs will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly;

Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.
Emma. With fatal certainty Thelastris knew,
To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
And great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior's bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see the victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it!)should'st thou bleed,
To stop thy wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Blest then my dangers, and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.
Henry. But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the lonesome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood,
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try,
(Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where ease and plenty brooding sat?

Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must mourn;
That gate for ever barr'd to thy return;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?
Emma. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And fortune's favor fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempest roar?
No, Henry, no, one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves, one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou risest with the day
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit to wait my lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch fresh fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress thee food:
With humble duty and officious haste
I'll cull the furthest meed for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when at night, with weary toil opprest,
Soft slumber thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask at morn's returning ray
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend;
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and, grateful, let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

Henry. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou go'st, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind:
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids, with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air of harmony and shape express,
Fine by degress, and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait
From thy fair side dependant to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear,
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free;
And with a bolder stride, and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care;
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends; a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune train'd to social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back;
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, divide their prey;

With such she must return at setting light,
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene, and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill bred question, and the lewd reply:
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heav'n
No middle object to thy choice is giv'n:
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.
Emma. O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates;
Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe;
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind, proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd,
Not by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has essay'd no danger, gains no praise,
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat;
In vain the syrens sing, the tempest beat:
Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I drest,
Condemn'd them or absolv'd them by thy test;
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride

For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee:
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair:
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face;
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be exprest,
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better drest.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes,
Lost to the world, let me to him be known;
My fate I can absolve if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

Henry. O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind;
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error; and O wretched maid;
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake, but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

Emma. Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poisons, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame?
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung?
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,

Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst its Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-Brown Maid?
Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eyes one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault but that, which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?
Henry. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
Each man is man, and all our sex is one:
False are our words, and fickle is our mind;
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade;
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe and draw the bow;
When fir'd with passion we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs, and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new:
Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;
Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth:
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his goods intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrow right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair, pursu'd the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
More youth, more beauty. Blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame,
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
With present pow'r compels me to her arms;
And much I fear from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err,
So wide to hope that thou may'st live with her;
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
Cupid averse, rejects divided vows;
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love,
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.
Emma. Are we in life thro' one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex, art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant, (she may scorn the name of friend):
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare;
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there at least I may approach my lord)

And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,
And decent emblem; and at least, persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death;
And the sad fate which she may one day prove
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her who dying on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known
That of mankind she lov'd but thee alone.

Henry. Hear, solemn Jove, and conscious Venus hear,
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O pow'rful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe;
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl; him terrible in war,
Let Loire confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shall raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire: shall be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait:
Music and song shall wake the marriage day,
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn;
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold,
What rests of each one sepulchre shall hold.
Hence then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love;
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forest rove.
Emma. O day! the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no beauty in the wood?
None, none there is: the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancied pain;

Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands,
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace;
If she reclaims her temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,
Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy,
And at my death to bless thy kindness, shown
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone.
While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd:
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd;
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious shafts a precious store.

That when their god should take his future darts
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those they vow'd, whose life should imitate
These lover's constancy, should share their fate.
The queen of Beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,
Approv'd the little harbour of the loves:
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear
And to the triumph call'd the god of War:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.
"Now Mars," she said, "let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquest only be her choice.
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield.
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump again,
To sing her fav'rite Anna's wond'rous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlb'ro's toils,
Old Rufus' Hall unequal to his spoils.
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand,
Let her at least perform what I desire,
With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
And tell the nations in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry prove,
And Emma like, let me return thy love.
"Renown'd for truth let all thy sons appear.
And constant beauty shall reward their care."
Mars smil'd and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
"And thou," she smiling said, "great god of days,
And verse, behold my deed and sing my praise.
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile

Thro' all her laughing fields, and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves:
From ev'ry annual course let one great day
To celebrate the sports and floral play
Be set aside: and in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true-lover, and the Nut-Brown Maid."

5 OC 57

HYMN FOR MORNING.

By Dr. PARNELL.

SEE the star that leads the day,
Rising shoots a golden ray
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below:
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night;
From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun;
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,
That, as the light serenely fair
Illustrates all the tracts of air;
The sacred spirit so may rest,
With quick'ning beams, upon thy breast;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air
Brings along its toil and care:

From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows submissively resign'd:
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day:
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O! Giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this:
Grant it all as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy sacred spirit love.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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